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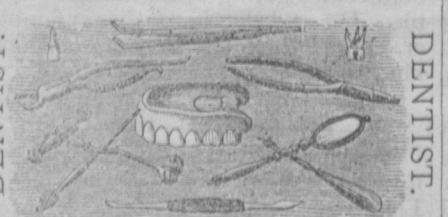
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# The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VIII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1879.

NUMBER 11.

## POETRY.

### Twenty-One.

Grown to man's stature! O my little child!  
My bird that sought the skies so long ago!  
My fair, sweet blossom, pure and undecid-  
ed,  
How have the years flown since we laid thee low!

What have they been to thee? If thou wert here  
Standing beside thy brothers, tall and fair,  
With bearded lips, and dark eyes shining clear,  
And glints of summer sunshine in thy hair,  
I should look up into thy face and say,  
Wavering perhaps between a tear and smile,  
"O my sweet son, thou art a man to-day!"—  
And thou wouldst stoop to kiss my lips the while.

But—up in heaven—how is it with thee, dear?  
Art thou a man—to man's full stature grown?  
Dost thou count time as we do, year by year?  
And what of all earth's changes hast thou known?

Thou hadst not learned to love me. Didst thou  
take  
Any small germ of love to heaven with thee,  
That thou hast watched and nurtured for my sake,  
Waiting till I its perfect flower may see?

What is it to have lived in heaven always?  
To have no memory of pain or sin?  
N'er to have known in all the calm, bright days,  
The jar and fret of earth's discordant din?

Thy brothers—they are mortal—they must tread  
Ortimes in rough, hard ways, with bleeding  
feet;  
Must fight with dragons, must bewail their dead,  
And fierce Apollyon face to face must meet.

I, who would give my very life for theirs,  
I can not save them from earth's pain and loss;  
I can not shield them from its griefs or cares;  
Each human heart must bear alone its cross!

Was God, then, kinder unto thee than them,  
O thou whose little life was but a span?  
Ah, think not! In all His diadem  
No star shines brighter than the kingly man.

Who nobly earns whatever crown he wears,  
Who grandly conquers, or as grandly dies;  
And the white banner of his marshaled hosts,  
Through all the years uplifted to the skies!

What lofty peaks shall the victor greet!  
What crown resplendent for his brow be fit!  
O child, if earthly life be bitter-sweet,  
Hast thou not something missed in missing it?

## STORE TELLER.

In the winter of 1870 I had occasion  
to go from Green Bay to Chicago, on  
the North-western Railway. At Osh-  
kosh we were joined by a delegation of  
lawyers on their way to Madison, the  
capital, to attend the Legislature, then  
in session. They were all men of  
more than usual intellect, and of ex-  
ceptional character. Two were ex-  
judges of the circuit court, and one I  
have seen chairman of the Young Men's  
Christian Association. The party found  
seats near together, and after the first  
salutations were over, and the news  
discussed, they began to look about  
for means to while away the time.  
After a while some one proposed a  
game of cards. No sooner said than  
done. Two seats were turned apart  
so as to face each other, a cushion  
improvised for a table, and three of  
our lawyers, including the chairman  
of the Young Men's Christian  
Association, and a Chicago runner  
on good terms, with them were soon  
deep in the mysterious game of euchre.

I was surprised to see Christian  
gentlemen and judges of equity, lead-  
ers of society, makers of public senti-  
ment, law-givers for a great State, di-  
rectors of public morals, supposed to  
be public exemplars of all that is good,  
and guides to the young mind—thus  
setting publicly their seal of approval  
to a most dangerous and evil practice.  
To be sure, they played for stakes no  
higher than the cigars for the party.  
But it seems to me that in the eyes of  
all discreet persons this does not  
change the act nor lessen the danger  
of its example, but rather heightens, as  
from the less to the greater is the in-  
variable course of crime. But I did  
not intend to moralize on paper, but  
was about to say that, while I was filled  
with such thoughts as these, one of  
the party grew tired of the game, and  
our remaining judge was invited to  
take his place. I saw the blood mount  
to his manly face, and he hesitated and  
drew back. But the game had become  
interesting, and his excited companions  
urged him. "Come Judge, take a hand,"  
they cried; "we can't go on without  
you." So the judge rose slowly from  
his seat, inwardly condemning the act  
as all evidently saw, and stepping for-  
ward took a seat among the players,  
and the game went on.

I had noticed an old lady in a seat  
to the rear of the players, who had got  
on board at Kenosha, I believe. Gray  
and bent with age, she had sat abash-  
ed, and, with eyes closed, seemed asleep  
most of the time until the train, stop-  
ping at Oshkosh, took on board the  
company of lawyers. She then under-  
went a change and became greatly in-  
terested in the company, looking often  
from one to the other as if she recog-  
nized them all, or was trying to re-  
call their faces. When the game of  
cards was started she became very  
restless, would hunch uneasily in her  
seat, take up the hem of her faded  
apron, and nervously bite the threads.  
Once or twice I thought she wiped her

eyes under her "Shaker bonnet," but  
could not tell. She acted so strange-  
ly, I became more interested in her  
than in the players, and watched her  
closely. She got up after a time and  
tottered forward, holding on to the  
seats as she passed. She brushed  
against the Judge—in passing, but,  
he had become interested in the game  
and did not notice her. Reaching the  
water-tank at last, she drank a cup of  
water and took a seat near the door,  
with her back to the players. But she  
did not long remain there. Rising  
again with difficulty, she tottered back  
toward her former seat, but, reaching  
the players, she paused directly in  
front of them, and now greatly excited,  
threw back her bonnet from her face  
and looked around the company. Her  
action at once arrested their attention,  
and pausing in their play, they all look-  
ed up inquiringly.

Gazing directly in the face of Judge  
—, she said, in a tremulous voice:  
"Do you know me Judge?" "No,  
mother, I don't remember you," said  
the Judge, pleasantly. "Where have  
we met?"

"My name is Smith," she said; "I  
was with my poor boy three days, off  
and on, in the court-room at Oshkosh,  
where he was tried for—for—for rob-  
bing somebody, and you are the same  
man that sent him to prison for ten  
years; and he died there last June."

All faces were now sobered, and the  
passengers began to gather around  
and stand up all over the car to listen  
and see what was going on. She did  
not give the Judge time to answer her,  
but becoming more and more excited,  
she went on: "He was a good boy, if  
you did send him to jail. He helped  
us clear the farm, and when father was  
sick and died he done all the work  
and we was getting along right smart  
till he took to going to town and got  
to playing keards and drinking, and  
then somehow he didn't like to work  
after that, but used to stay out often  
till mornin', and then he'd sleep so  
late, and I couldn't wake him when  
he'd bin out so late the night before.  
And then the farm kinder run down,  
and then we lost the team; one of them  
got killed when he'd bin to town one  
awful cold night. He stayed late, and  
I suppose they had got cold standin'  
out, and got skeered and broke loose  
and run most home, but run agin the  
fence and a stake run into one of 'em,  
and when we found it the next morn-  
ing it was dead, and the other was  
standin' under the shed. And so af-  
ter a while he coaxed me to let him sell  
the farm, and buy a house and lot in  
the village, and he'd work at carpenter  
work. And so I did, as we couldn't  
do nothin' on the farm. But he grew  
worse than ever, and after a while he  
couldn't get any work and wouldn't do  
anything but gamble and drink all the  
time. I used to do everything I could  
to get him to quit and be a good, in-  
dustrious boy agin, but he used to get  
mad after awhile, and once he struck  
me, and then in the morning I found  
he had what little money there was  
left on the farm, and had run off. Af-  
ter that I got along as well as I could,  
cleanin' house for folks and washin',  
but I didn't hear nothing of him for  
four or five years; but when he got ar-  
rested and was took up to Oshkosh for  
trial, he writ to me."

By this time there was not a dry eye  
in the car, and the cards had disap-  
peared. The old lady herself was weep-  
ing silently and speaking in sobs.  
But recovering herself she went on:  
"But what could I do? I sold the  
house and lot to get money to hire a  
lawyer; and I believe he is here some-  
where (looking around). O yes, there  
he is, Mr.—," pointing to lawyer—  
who had not taken part in the play.  
"And this is the man, I am sure, who  
argued agin him," (pointing to Mr.—  
the district attorney). "And you,  
Judge—," sent him to prison for ten  
years; s'pose it was right for the poor  
boy told me that he really did rob the  
bank. But he must have been drunk  
for they had all been playing keards  
most all night, and drinking. But oh,  
dear! it seems to me kinder as though  
if he hadn't got to playing keards he  
might have been alive yet. But when  
I used to tell him it was wrong and  
bad to play he used to say, 'Why,  
mother, everybody plays now. I never  
bet only for candy or cigars, or some-  
thing like that.' And when we heard  
that the young folks played keards  
down to Mr. Culver's donation party,  
and that 'Squire Ring was going to get  
a billiard table for his young folks to  
play at home, I couldn't do nothing at  
all with him. We used to think it was  
awful to do that way when I was  
young; but it jist seems to me as if  
everybody now-a-days was going wrong  
into something or other. But maybe  
it isn't right for me to talk to you,  
Judge, in this way; but it jist seemed  
to me as if the very sight of them  
keards would kill me. Judge, I  
thought if you only knew how I felt  
you wouldn't play on so; and to think  
right here before all these young folks!  
Maybe, Judge, you don't know how  
younger people, especially boys, look  
up to such as you; and then I can't  
help thinking that maybe if them as  
ought to know better than to do so,

and them as are larger larnt, and all  
that, wouldn't set sich examples, my  
poor Tom would have been alive and  
caring for his poor old mother. But  
now there aint any of my family left  
but me and my poor little gran' chile,  
my dead darter's little girl; and we are  
going to stop with my brother in Il-  
lino'."

Tongue of man nor angel never  
preached a more eloquent sermon than  
that gray, withered old lady, trembling  
with old age, excitement and fear that  
she was doing wrong. I can't recall  
half she said, as she, poor, lone, beg-  
gared widow, stood before those noble-  
looking men, and pleaded the cause of  
the rising generation.

The look they bore as she poured  
forth her sorrowful tale was indescrib-  
able. To say that they looked like  
criminals at the bar would be a faint  
description. I can imagine how they  
felt. The old lady tottered to her  
seat, and taking her little grandchild  
in her lap, hid her face on her neck.  
The little one stroked her gray hair  
with one hand, and said, "Don't cry,  
ganma; don't cry, ganma." Eyes un-  
used to weeping wept for many a  
mile on that journey. And I can hard-  
ly believe that one who witnessed that  
scene ever touched a card again. It  
is jist but to say that when the pas-  
sengers came to themselves they gen-  
erously responded to the Judge, who,  
hat in hand, silently passed through  
her little audience.

## THE IOWA DEAF AND DUMB IN- STITUTION.

[Atlantic Telegraph.]

Last Thursday the editor of the  
Telegraph, accompanied by his wife,  
and also Mr. Geo. E. Pennell and wife,  
of this city, visited the Iowa Institu-  
tion for the Deaf and Dumb, at Coun-  
cil Bluffs. We were met at the depot  
by our old friend, Moses Folsom, who  
is superintendent of the institution,  
and were driven out to the asylum be-  
hind a lively team. Our party put in  
the greater part of the day visiting the  
different rooms of the institution, and  
the time passed off pleasantly. We  
did not visit the institution for the  
purpose of "writing it up"—our visit  
was for pleasure,—nevertheless, we  
learned the following: The institution  
was re-organized throughout last July,  
by which better management and as  
good teachers were secured for less  
money. About 150 pupils are in at-  
tendance, and eight or nine teachers  
are employed. The central or main  
building, which was destroyed by fire,  
has been rebuilt, the last General As-  
sembly having appropriated forty  
thousand dollars for that purpose.  
Nearly five thousand dollars of the ap-  
propriation will be unused. The af-  
fairs of the schools and shops were  
greatly deranged by the fire; all is now  
harmonious again. Four hours per  
day are devoted to study by the pu-  
pils. Considerable time is devoted to  
work by the boys and girls that are  
large enough. The boys are taught  
to mend and make shoes, make brooms,  
etc., while the girls are taught to wash,  
iron, mend, sweep, &c., &c. The in-  
stitution is one great large family, and  
it lives within itself. All eat at one  
time in a dining-room large enough to  
accommodate all. It is heated by  
steam, lighted by gas made near the  
building, and is supplied by hot and  
cold water. Each pupil has a separate  
bed, and a vast number of beds are  
in the same room. The rooms are well  
ventilated. The girls have rooms  
quite superior to those occupied by  
the boys, but the boys have quarters  
good enough. The institution has  
eighteen cows, chickens, hogs, etc., al-  
so two span of horses, several wagons,  
and is situated on a part of the ninety-  
acre tract of land which was donated  
to the State. It has suffered many  
misfortunes in the past from fire and  
wind, and has been the subject of fre-  
quent legislative inquiry. But now, at  
last, it is in good hands and will pro-  
sper. Superintendent Folsom is proving  
to be the right man in the right  
place, as we knew he would, and the  
present trustees are doing their duty  
thoroughly. At some future time we  
will call at the institution again, and  
prepare to write it up in good shape.  
Mr. and Mrs. Folsom have the thanks  
of our party for their many kindnesses.

## SILENT FRAUDS.

To the Editor of the Commercial:

The undersigned desires to call the  
attention of the public to a class of  
persons, so lost to shame, who impose  
upon the public by pretending to be  
deaf and dumb. Charity is the object,  
and so long as thoughtless people give  
them aid they will continue to ply their  
disreputable vocation.  
The case of one Dean, exposed in  
the Commercial a few days since, is a  
sample of several such that have come  
to public notice through the press of  
other cities. The remedy for the case  
lies in a refusal to advance the charity  
asked, which is usually money. This  
money generally finds its way into the  
till of the saloon-keeper.

A. W. MANN.

Missionary to Deaf-Mutes.

## PREPARING TO START FOR NE- BRASKA.

CLARENDON HILLS, Ill., Feb. 26, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Perhaps your  
readers will be more or less surprised  
at seeing this communication in your  
valuable paper. After my long silence,  
and knowing you had Chicago corres-  
pondents who kept you posted regard-  
ing the news in this section of the  
country, I thought any item from me  
unnecessary, though I still take your  
paper, and my interest in it is not a  
whit diminished. Many of your read-  
ers are my friends, and I have no doubt  
that they will like to read of some  
events which were particularly interest-  
ing to me.

Our family is about to move to Ne-  
braska, and as Mrs. J. M. Raffington  
is an old-time friend and a classmate  
of mine, she very kindly gave us a  
farewell party on Friday evening, Feb-  
ruary 21st, giving out 23 invitations,  
nearly all of which were accepted, so  
that with those in her house we count-  
ed 27,—as jolly a crowd as you often  
find. Some came early and some later.  
It was a pleasure to see them enjoy-  
ing different games and sports until  
about 10 o'clock, when refreshments,  
of the choicest kind, were served; the  
best of coffee and a bountiful supply  
of everything. We did not forget or  
neglect in the midst of our enjoyment  
to offer proper thanksgiving, after  
which we gave evidence of full appre-  
ciation of all the good things prepared  
for us by our fair hostess. We parted  
at a late hour, with hearty hand shakes  
and good wishes, and fully satisfied  
with the farewell party.

We spent part of the following day  
very pleasantly with Mr. and Mrs. D.  
W. George, where we dined, going  
from there to spend the Sabbath with  
Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Cotton. We were  
all invited to spend Saturday evening  
at Mrs. George's, but the ladies—Mrs.  
C. and my wife—plead off because of  
fatigue, leaving them to have a socia-  
ble time by themselves. We (Mr.  
Cotton and myself) accepted, and had  
a very pleasant time.

About a year ago I received an ap-  
pointment from Bishop W. E. Mc-  
Laren, of this diocese, as a lay-reader  
to the deaf-mutes of Chicago, and on  
Sabbath afternoon, at 3 o'clock, in St.  
James' Church, I gave a farewell ser-  
mon to about twenty deaf-mutes.

After service Mr. and Mrs. Cotton,  
my wife, and myself were invited to  
dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Christenson.  
Mr. S. is president of our society.  
After a very pleasant visit there we re-  
turned home with Mr. and Mrs. Cot-  
ton for the night.

Monday morning we visited Prof.  
P. A. Emery's day school for mutes.  
We stayed to see various exercises  
and gymnastics, and were well pleased  
with the system of teaching and the  
progress. It is with regret that we  
must part with so many dear friends  
in Chicago, but we are hoping to find  
at least a few of "our own people" who  
will prove genial and pleasant asso-  
ciates.

You may hear from us again, after  
we get settled, telling you of the coun-  
try, the climate and people, and, in  
short, what we think of Nebraska.

Yours sincerely,  
EDWARD P. HOLMES.

## FAREWELL SERMON.

Delivered by E. P. Holmes, Lay-Reader  
to the Deaf-Mutes of Chicago, in St.  
James' Church, Chicago, Sunday Af-  
ternoon, February 23d, 1879.

"Finally, brethren, farewell. Be of good  
comfort, be of one mind, live in peace, and the  
God of love and peace shall be with you"—II. Corin-  
thians, XIII. 2.

"Finally, brethren, farewell." The  
relationship existing between us is  
about coming to an end. "Finally" is  
a word that points backward to the  
series of events not only counted in  
the twelve months of my services as  
"lay-reader," but includes three years  
of intercourse with many of you and a  
much longer time than that with some  
others. There is one who thanks God  
for the many golden days in the as-  
sociation now to be sundered. It is  
not a strange fact that the deaf-mutes  
are bound together by ties of friend-  
ship and sympathy stronger than you  
often find among speaking people, and  
where these bonds are cemented by the  
strong, fervent love for Christ,  
which, I hope, we all have. Truly a  
Christian brotherhood! This double  
love and sympathy should not be for-  
gotten, but be ever remembered as a  
stimulus to labor, and sacrifice, and an  
incentive to thanksgiving and devo-  
tion.

The "finally" and the "farewell" of  
our text are bound together by a golden  
clasp, even as a book, by the pre-  
cious word "brethren," and how fully  
we have realized the wealth of the  
meaning. Has not this been a family,  
clasped into heavenly unity by divine  
charity? There are so many delight-  
ful recollections springing up, as mem-  
ory waves her wand over the past, that  
a bouquet of happy memories could be  
gathered, whose fragrance would per-  
fume this hallowed room and make us  
all glad. Brethren—we are, indeed,  
brothers in Christ—we are of one holy  
family; and wherein I have offended

any I most heartily ask forgiveness,  
and, if I know myself, I have no feel-  
ing of ill-will or resentment towards  
any one of you. We reluctantly un-  
bind the linking associations that have  
joined us; you to cast them about  
the one who shall be my successor;  
to help him and yourselves with your  
best energies, noblest powers and  
earnest prayers, and I to seek a new  
home in the West, where, perhaps, an-  
other field similar to this may be grant-  
ed me. But never shall I find all that  
has been given me to experience and  
enjoy with the warm-hearted mates of  
this city and this society.

The "finally" now spoken shuts be-  
hind me a past brighter than any fu-  
ture years can be. I speak in no spirit  
of complaint, for we know that "all  
things work together for good to them  
that love God." Of this I have no  
more doubt than I have of my own ex-  
istence.

Trials come to prove the reality of  
our love to God, and establish quali-  
ties that are necessary to our useful-  
ness. It is curious to watch the pro-  
cess of glass-blowing and observe how  
the highest results are attained. The  
materials are subjected to a terrific  
heat before they can be used, then the  
breath of man transforms the liquid  
substance into articles of usefulness  
and beauty. I was curious to know  
why the bottles were taken at white  
heat and placed in a kiln, raised to the  
highest temperature, and kept there  
for weeks. The answer came—it was  
necessary to prevent their becoming  
brittle and breaking into fragments  
under the severe pressure. They were  
worthless till they had been subjected  
to the intensest heat for many days.  
It is a lesson to us that God, even so,  
passes us through the furnace of trials  
and suffering that we may become fit-  
ted for some peculiar service, or ex-  
perience where we are to glorify Him.

It is a grand thing to be a Christian,  
a jewel of God, an heir of glory with  
Jesus Christ, a star to shine forever in  
heaven. It is a privilege to be in the  
presence of the Son of God, as we  
read in the Bible, be at our side. God  
grant that we, in our farewells, as  
brethren, may be unselfish, and desire  
only that He be glorified by our fu-  
ture experience, whatever comes to us.

Some years ago a few mutes of this  
city thought to found a society of deaf-  
mutes, gathering all of that class to-  
gether semi-monthly or oftener, for the  
purpose of mutual enjoyment and im-  
provement. We had much to contend  
with; much doubting on the part of  
some as to our success, want of har-  
mony and energy with others, lack of  
funds, &c., but by combined efforts,  
for "in union there is strength," we  
succeeded in establishing ourselves as  
an independent society, rented a room  
for meeting, had our Sabbath lectures,  
week day lectures, and social gather-  
ings. In time a day school was open-  
ed, which Prof. P. A. Emery conducts  
successfully, and later regular services,  
and lay-reader, appointed by Bishop  
W. E. McLaren. We all know and  
love Rev. A. W. Mann, and fully ap-  
preciate the work he is doing among  
the deaf-mutes.

Although the society has twice sus-  
pended for a time, and is not holding  
meetings now, I hope that you may  
have sufficient funds and perseverance  
to put it on its feet again, and that it  
will be in a more thriving condition  
than ever before when I shall come  
here to you again.

How much of our present standing  
and success is the natural outgrowth  
of that first little gathering of our own  
people we cannot tell, but I can assure  
you of my heartiest sympathy and  
prayers for continued prosperity, even  
though we be far separated; and, if I  
cannot personally join with you in your  
gatherings and worship, we can have  
frequent news of our mutual success  
by means of letters and correspond-  
ence in the JOURNAL. We know, of  
course, there are mutes in Nebraska,  
for I have received one of our papers  
published in Omaha, not very far away  
from our new home. I hope we may  
find pleasant associates in Nebraska  
City, and may follow your example;  
and if a society is not already organ-  
ized, gather so many as we may find,  
at least for Sabbath worship.

May the good Father, who has been  
with us to bless us and lead us to the  
present time, be with us to make us  
strong in the right, and bring us to the  
home prepared for us all, where there  
will be no FAREWELL.

The finest silk in the world is  
grown in Japan. They have few peo-  
ple, so the silk is nearly all manu-  
factured by hand. The advent of  
American machinery would complete-  
ly revolutionize the trade.

The late Pope Pius IX., it is said,  
never allowed a lady to kiss his foot at  
his audiences, always giving her his  
hand. Pope Leo XIII., on the con-  
trary, sees ladies go through the cere-  
mony with calm indifference.

Impatience dries the blood sooner  
than age or sorrow.

## NEWS FROM THE "ELM CITY."

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Mr. Henry Stof-  
fel died in this city January 29th, 1879,  
aged 65 years. He was the father of  
Annie M. Stoffel, a deaf-mute. He  
was sick eight weeks. His funeral  
was held on Sunday, February 2d.  
Mr. Stoffel was born in Germany, and  
had lived in this city for twenty-one  
years.

I like your paper very much because  
it contains sensible and interesting  
news for the mutes.

Mr. L. Leek, a deaf-mute, says he  
likes the JOURNAL very well.

The Bible-class meeting is to be held  
every Sunday afternoon at Mr. Leek's  
residence. Mr. Leek has about twelve  
mute attendants at the meetings. We  
are all interested in his sermons,  
which are very good. Mr. Leek has  
been holding services for the mutes  
for about twelve years, and holds them  
very regularly. His wife had a pet  
Canary bird that died two weeks ago.  
It was 18 years old, and it used to  
sing very beautifully. Mr. and Mrs.  
Leek have an only speaking daughter,  
who can talk and spell on her fingers  
as well as the mutes. She is a very  
smart, nice girl. Mrs. Almira Beecher,  
a deaf-mute, living in this city, is 71  
years old. She lost her husband about  
three years ago. She had a mute  
brother, but he is now sleeping in his  
grave in Salem, Conn. She has an  
only speaking son, a married man. I  
lost my dear father by death five weeks  
since.

Very respectfully,  
ELM CITY LADY.  
New Haven, Conn., March 4, 1879.

Much Visiting—Cold Weather—Busy  
Farmers—the Journal.

ODESSA, N. Y., Feb. 24, 1879.  
EDITOR JOURNAL:—On the 20th of  
this month



# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, MAR. 18, 1879.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.50 Clubs of ten, 1.25 If not paid within six months, 2.00 These prices are variable. Remit by post-office money order, or by registered letter. 62 Terms, cash in advance.

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Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

## The Hemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Hemizer*.

THE Tennessee Institution had 105 pupils up to March 1st.

WASHINGTON's birthday was properly celebrated by the inmates of the Colorado Institution.

ABOUT 60 valentines were distributed and furnished much amusement at the Tennessee Institution.

RILEY Bennett, a former pupil of the Kentucky Institution, is a grocer and confectioner at Bremen, Ky.

It is contemplated to enlarge the *Star* to twice its present size at the beginning of the next school term.

WASHINGTON's birthday was celebrated on the 21st of February by the inmates of the Missouri Institution.

FIFTY hundred copies of the twelfth biennial report of the Missouri Institution are being distributed.

THE monthly social at the Kansas Institution, held Saturday evening, February 22d, was a very enjoyable occasion.

THE last annual reports of the Indiana and Illinois Institutions recommended free-escapes similar to those at the Ohio Institution.

THE *Gazette*, of March 1st, says: "Farmers are plowing." So are farmers and others here, but they are plowing snow instead of soil.

Teachers at the Illinois Institution held a monthly meeting on the evening of February 21st, and discussed "The Ideal Teacher."

Mrs. D. L. Tiler, wife, and daughter, of Lindington, Mich., and Mrs. H. H. Nash, of Chicago, lately visited the Colorado Institution.

Mrs. Edwin Ford and Miss Eliza McCallen, former pupils of the Missouri Institution, were married at Barkersville, Mo., February 13th.

For the benefit of one of its compositors, the *Star* says that a slice of Lumberger cheese worn on the upper lip is pronounced a sure cure for a hooked nose.

THE March 1st edition of the *Silent Observer*, published at the Tennessee Institution, has a fine view of the Tennessee Deaf and Dumb School, at Knoxville, Tenn.

With the March 1st edition of the *Record* that paper became a semi-monthly, as the compositors have already acquired a skill in their work that justified the change.

CHARLES F. Saxe, of Waterbury, Conn., subscribes for the JOURNAL, wishing it great success, and hoping (with a good show of reason) that it will do himself good.

On account of ill health, Andrew Winkler, an ex-pupil of the Kansas Institution, has lost his position of compositor on the *Daily Public Press* at Leavenworth, Kan.

At a recent meeting of the Silent Society of the Illinois Institution the subject "Is iron more useful than wood?" was decided upon for debating at the next meeting.

DUBLEY Rix says he is the happiest soul on earth. His friends will be glad to hear that he has secured a permanent position at Newport, Ky., in the office of the *Leader*.

Rev. Dr. Horatio Nelson Brimmede, of Newark, N. J., a former teacher at the American Asylum, and a son of Dr. H. P. Poet's half-brother, died January 18th, 1879, aged 80 years.

The Legislature has appropriated \$25,000 for the Minnesota Deaf-Mute Institution to furnish and heat the main central building; also \$60,000 for current expenses for two years.

M. W. Wallace, a former pupil of the blind department of the Virginia Institution, is going to be the manager of the Healing Springs in Bath county, Va., during the present season.

On Washington's birthday the pupils of the Minnesota Institution had a masquerade. Some of the costumes were very good, and showed considerable ingenuity on the part of the makers.

At a recent meeting of the young ladies' society of the Illinois Institution the subject "Is sprinkling the proper mode of baptism?" was debated. The judge's decision was in favor of the negative.

DURING a recent revival meeting at Romney, W. Va., the type-setters of the *Tablet* generally tendered their help to those of the *Intelligencer* office on Saturday afternoon so that the latter's employees could attend the religious services.

CYRUS Chambers, at present a clerk in the War Department at Washington, has been suddenly called away to the bedside of his father, who is dangerously ill. It is to be sincerely hoped that his father will be restored to him in health.

A gathering of deaf-mutes, under the auspices of the Jackson Deaf-Mute Christian Association, will meet in Jackson, Mich., March 15th and 16th. Prof. E. L. Bangs, late principal of the Michigan Institution, will deliver a lecture. All deaf-mutes are cordially invited.

A Minnesota girl boasts that she can fry 2,700 griddle cakes in 2,700 quarter minutes. One of our boys, (our "champion eater") steps to the front and says he can eat them in the same length of time. Why not give the poor boy a chance? *Star*. [Charter the services of another Minnesota girl, and let the poor boy have his fair once.—*EN. JOURNAL*.]

The inmates of our institution are enjoying excellent health. There has been no sickness of any consequence thus far during the session. But one death has occurred in the institution since May, 1874. This is remarkable, and calls for devout and heartfelt thankfulness to the kind Providence that has so favored and blessed our school.—*Record*.

ANDREW Brown, a pupil of the Tennessee Institution, has had to go home for a few days on account of sickness.

SOLONOS Chappell, of Carlinville, Ill., a somewhat extensive land owner, was at one time a pupil of the Exeter, Eng., Institution.

Mr. Simpson, the newly-appointed lay-reader for St. Louis, has lately held services at Christ Church, corner of Thirtieth and Locust streets. A not very bright exponent of the sign-language was giving exhibitions in a certain part of Illinois lately. If he would stay at home and work at his trade—printing—it would be vastly better, we think.

JOHN G. Skelton, one of the first pupils of the Virginia Institution, is in the employ of the Litchfield, Ill., Car Company, as a car builder. At one time he was in the employ of the Washash Railway Company as a bridge builder.

The widow of the late Mr. Compton is living in England with her youngest children at the national capital. Her husband's wise foresight has not left her entirely dependent upon her own resources, for she is supported by his life insurance money.

THE *Index* says James Mitchell has started a deaf-mute school of his own. His school is not, like many of the institutions, very badly overcrowded—he has one pupil. He is never caught "whispering" to other pupils, and picks no quarrels with his school companions.

Mrs. Phelps, of New York, is staying at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Strong, of Washington. Mr. Strong is justly proud of his house, which he built with his own money. In it he lives without dread of the debtors' law; in it he sleeps without the terrifying nightmares of an ejection for unpaid rent. Such is the result of wise economy.

A "writer" says that L. Rusk, who lately sent us \$1.50 for his subscription to the JOURNAL, is in good business, working in a plow manufacturing and in making more money than any other deaf-mute in Louisville, Ky. We would say to our informant that if we were pleased to learn that Mr. Rusk is doing such profitable work, and we wish he could rise to the head of the firm which now gives him such paying employment.

FLOREN Mount, one of our good boys, has been offered a good situation at Cheyenne in the office of the *Leader*.

FLOYD is one of our best boys and a good printer. We hate to lose him, but we rejoice in his good fortune and wish him success. A number of our graduates have good positions in printing-offices and are doing well. This is proof positive that printing is a good trade for the deaf and dumb.—*Nebraska Journal*.

MISS Kate Clidester had a pleasant birthday party given by her parents on the 21st ult., to which were invited some thirty guests, varying from the youngsters of ten to those of mature age. It was a very pleasant one, and all departed gay. A late hour, after having partaken of a bountiful repast. It also happened to be the birthday of a member of this office, and he is greatly indebted to Mr. and Mrs. C. for the invitation tendered him. We extend to our young friend the usual many happy returns, &c.—*Tablet*.

MA. W. J. Nelson and family returned home to Aurora, N. Y., from New York city about two weeks ago. They stopped at Peekskill and Albany. They were going to stop at Rome, but were detained. So they went directly to Aurora. When they reached Cayuga they found some snow. They were disappointed in not taking the train for Aurora, and had to take the sleigh. They enjoyed it, though it was cold and rainy. They arrived at Aurora all safe and sound. Mr. Nelson wishes his friends and the readers of the JOURNAL success and happiness. He intends going on his mission this year if his health permits, or Providence is willing.

MR. Bell, a graduate of the National Deaf-Mute College, is still at his post in the Washington post-office. It does look as though deaf-mutes are seldom, if ever, dismissed from the various Government departments. All this must be owing to their faithful discharge of duty, their quiet, orderly bearing, and more than anything else, to their having no voice in the great political questions of the day. Mr. Bell seems to be leading the life of a hermit in the midst of the bustling and noisy of a great city. He never goes out calling, never receives calls, never even has a friend, but keeps on in the *voluntarily* tenor of his way. Alone and indifferent as he lives, so he will probably die.

THE number of educated deaf-mutes in Washington is being increasing for several years past, yet the prospect of establishing a society for religious worship in that city seems as distant as ever. This is easily to be accounted for by the individual difference of the mutes themselves. Some are superior in education and intelligence, while some others are just the reverse of this; some have not the best reputation in the world, and a few others are proud as Lucifer, and would not mingle with the common herd. Unlike the deaf-mutes of other cities, but little visiting is done there. There are nearly as many young ladies of a marriageable age as young men in the city, most of them being graduates of the primary department of the Columbia Institution, yet only one marriage has taken place in their midst for many years.

EVERYTHING connected with the institution and grounds has been so beautified and improved that all the pupils are extremely delighted with the surroundings. In place of the old fence there is a handsome stone wall enclosing our grounds along Broad Street on the west, and Vine Street on the north. The wooden fence along Locust Street on the east has been repainted and the iron fence in the front looks as nice as ever. The grading in the north-eastern part of our grounds has been completed. Thus improving the appearance of that portion. Also, some improvements have been made in the institution during the year. Several rooms and the hall in the main building and wings have been re-painted and repaired. They all look very well. The floors are covered with new matting, so as to deaden the noise the pupils make in going in and out of the chapel and rooms.—*Knoxville, Tenn., Silent Observer*.

WE have received a copy of the twelfth biennial report of the Missouri Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb, for the years 1877-8. The fly-leaf has a fine view of the imposing building of the institution. The commissioners' report calls for \$71,000 for the succeeding two years, and also an appropriation of \$20,000 for the salaries of officers and teachers. It also asks provision for instructing the pupils in all the trades that will conduce to their future well-being, for unless prepared for self-support they must in future be objects of charity.—a burden to their friends or to the State. From the superintendent's report we learn the following in regard to the attendance for the past two years: Pupils present January 1st, 1877, males, 124; females, 109; total, 234; new pupils admitted in 1877, 41; former pupils readmitted in 1877, 8; new pupils admitted in 1878, 49; former pupils readmitted in 1878, 2; total admitted in 1877 and 1878, 315; discharged and absent, 125; present December 31st, 1878, males, 115; females, 75; total, 190. The sanitary condition was excellent. During a period of four years and seven months but one death had occurred. The death referred to was that of Mary C. Ames, who died of pneumonia, in her eleventh year, June 26th, 1877. The teachers were earnest in their duties, and the progress of the pupils was commendable.

THE St. Louis day school now reports twenty pupils, an increase of ten since the last report.

Mrs. John S. Miller, of Wyoming, N. Y., thinks the JOURNAL is a very good medium to learn of deaf-mute friends. She also wishes every deaf person might get it because it gives them a great deal of information, and its precepts are always good and always on the right side, morally and religiously.

Is a former number of the JOURNAL Mrs. John S. Miller, of Wyoming, N. Y., asked the address of Colonel Smith, who taught the first deaf-mute school in Ohio, himself being a graduate from the Hartford school. A person of his acquaintance, a deaf-mute, wrote to Mrs. Miller, saying that he is very feeble, being 80 years old. He is still living at Middleburg, Summit county, O.

Mrs. Thompson, of Peninsula, O., has been very sick with lung fever. She is about 77 years old, and her friends were very anxious about her, but she is much better now. She has a daughter who graduated from the Ohio Institution some years ago. She has also a daughter who is a teacher in the Ohio Institution, and another who is the matron of the institution for deaf-mutes in Faribault, Minn.

On the 28th of February last William A. Emmans, a member of the Fanwood Scottish-American Athletic Club of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, won a gold medal in a 75-yard dash in the games of the Scottish-American Athletic Club, doing the distance in 8 seconds. There were also several other deaf-mutes of the same club entered besides him, but he was the only successful competitor.

LAST week Watertown was the scene of a 25-mile walking match between Mr. Fred Woolver, a deaf-mute, a graduate of the New York Deaf and Dumb Institution, and a speaking person by the name of Hart, who had the reputation of being the fastest walker in his town, in which the mute came out victorious. Hart gave up, utterly exhausted after finishing his fifteenth mile, but Woolver, like a plucky fellow, stuck to his task till he had completed his twentieth mile, when he stopped, by the advice of his trainer. His 20 miles was walked in three hours and a half, and his fastest mile was his eighth, which he did in 8 minutes and 15 seconds. When Woolver had completed his twentieth mile he was not tired, and was sure of his ability to walk the distance over again if requested to do so. Can Fanwood boast of as fast and plucky a walker?

MR. Parkinson, a graduate of the National Deaf-Mute College, has resigned his position as Chief Examiner in the Patent Office, to enter the profession of law with his brother. Persons wishing to communicate with him will address their letters to Parkinson & Bro., Patent Attorneys, Cincinnati, O. He voluntarily resigned his position, lucrative as it is, to go into a still more profitable one, for a lawyer thoroughly versed in the rights and laws of patents is very rare indeed, and Mr. P. stands second to none in his new position in this broad country. The executive of the department speaks in high terms of the ability and efficiency with which he performed his difficult and arduous duties, and says, moreover, that whenever any information was desired concerning the rights of patents he was the man, in the whole department, who could most readily find out the laws governing such cases, and his great knowledge and legal judgment were the oftentimes appealed to. Although sorry to lose a valuable assistant, he considers the course Mr. P. has taken a wise one, and predicts a successful career for him.

SAVS the Raleigh, N. C., *Observer*: We have just read a telegram announcing the fact that Mr. David C. Dudley, Jr., of our city, and principal teacher in the deaf-mute department of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind, has been elected Principal of the Kentucky Institution for Deaf-Mutes. Mr. Dudley is in the prime of life, being thirty years of age. His steady habits and exemplary Christian character have endeared him to a large list of warm and devoted friends, who will deeply deplore his departure. His zeal and fidelity, together with his intelligence and proficiency, have enabled him to discharge the various duties resting upon him, as an officer, in such a manner as to make him the idol of the officers and pupils of the Institution. While we rejoice in the fact that a worthy son of our State has been promoted, yet we are sure he will be missed in the work of deaf-mute instruction here. He goes, however, to a wider field of usefulness. He will carry with him the Kentucky spirit of this community, and their confident expectations that he will be all that can be expected of the Principal of an Institution. We deeply sympathize with his class, who have lost such a good teacher, the teachers and officers, who will be deprived of so genial a companion, and the Directors, from whose service one so true and noble has been called. (What a great loss it is to the North Carolina Institution; but it is a decided gain to the Kentucky Institution. When Mr. Dudley leaves the former institution one of the main pillars of its intellectual department is gone.—*Ed.*)

WE are indebted to the compliments of Principal H. C. Hammond for a copy of the fifth biennial report of the Arkansas Deaf-Mute Institution, for 1877 and 1878. The three instructors are Mrs. A. F. Snider, Madeline H. Patton, and A. M. Martin. The latter is a deaf-mute, and was educated where she is now employed. The present Principal has occupied the position since September, 1875, at which time his predecessor, Rev. W. G. Jenkins, resigned the principalship to take a position in the deaf-mute institution at Philadelphia. The State of Arkansas has made ample provision, with free tuition and board, for all of her deaf-mute children, and in cases of destitution she also pays their traveling expenses to and from the school and provides their clothing. Therefore, if any deaf-mute resident of Arkansas, of proper school age, fails to obtain an education no one but himself, himself, parents, or guardians can be blamed for the ignorance. The principal recommends the employment of \$3,000 for the erection of a two-story building and for tools for the purpose of teaching some of the industries, among which the principal recommends type-setting as a good trade, and as a good means for the cultivation and improvement of language on the part of the pupils of the institution. A hospital is recommended by the principal. One of the pupils, W. Pote, died in November, 1877, of pulmonary consumption. The general health of the inmates was good. The total number of pupils that were in attendance since the previous report was 69, of whom 42 were boys. The highest number in attendance at any one time during the school year ending June, 1877, was 67; during the year ending June, 1878, 47. The principal thinks there are in the State 200 deaf-mute children of school age. When will many parents learn to send their children (deaf-mute or hearing children) to school to be properly educated for becoming future useful and respected members of society, instead of allowing them to loaf about through childhood and youth to manhood or womanhood as idle beggars, thieves, prostitutes, and outlaws? All parents should take this to heart, and decide for themselves what shall be the character of the rising generation. The institution is well supplied with deaf-mute papers, for which the principal tenders thanks to the publishers of the same for sending them gratuitously. It is hoped that the institution is also, as all such institutions should be, well supplied

with newspapers and periodicals published by those who can hear and speak, which goes far towards teaching their pupils correct English language, as well as enlarging their mental capacities and expanding their views of the world.

THE sixtieth annual report and documents of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, for the year 1878, is at hand. It was printed at the institution, and is very finely executed. Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet, the efficient and time-honored principal, remains at the head of the institution, assisted by 17 professors and teachers, including a teacher of drawing, and a teacher of articulation. The general expenses of the institution were somewhat less than in former years, but large disbursements were made for special objects. Five hundred and thirty-two pupils were members of the institution during the year, 337 of whom were males and 95 females. On account of delay in returning, and absence during the term of study, the daily average was but 494. The 535 were supported at the institution as follows: 333 by the State of New York; by the counties of New York, 137; by the State of New Jersey, 59; by parents, guardians, or friends, 5; by the institution, 1. In the printing-office steady progress has been made in instruction and in remunerative printing. Among the results of this branch of industry are the monthly issues of the *Educator*, a quarterly issue of the *Annals of the Deaf and Dumb*, and the annual reports of the institution. The health of the pupils was excellent during the year. There were but two deaths, and both were due to enfeebled constitution and long previous illness. The directors report that the teaching is thorough, and that the standard of education is high and well maintained. During the past year constant additions have been made to the library. The growth of the institution, and the entailment of the grounds, owing to the opening of new streets and avenues through them by the city of New York, have led the directors to look for a suitable place for future occupation and use. Fifty-two acres of land at Tarrytown, a few miles above the city, on the Hudson River, have been purchased. This property is now being drained and prepared for occupation, at an early day, by the primary department of the institution. Eighty-four new pupils were received, of whom 55 were male and 29 females. Some important improvements were added to the institution during the year. The printing-office, tailor shop, shoe shop, seamstress rooms, and garden brought good results for the time and money expended. The superintendent and physician's report paid a tender tribute to the high and the result of an accident occasioned while he was, with a number of the boys, engaged in an athletic game. The report contains a vast amount of useful information, but space forbids our more extended remarks on this subject. It is safe to say that for wise management, capable and thorough instruction, inculcation of sound moral principles to the pupils, good sanitary regulation, firm, but kind, discipline, and beneficent and unflinching care of those entrusted to its keeping, it is certainly second to no other in the union.

## A NEW FEMALE "COOPER."

WATERTOWN, N. Y., March 9, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—Mr. Charles H. Cooper has got another addition to his family, and it is a little girl, weighing about ten pounds. He says that all profound gratitude is all he can give for the receipt of that little girl, who will, in full development, he believes, inherit from her young mother the affection she has always shown towards all who know her. We, deaf-mutes of Watertown, unite in congratulating Mr. and Mrs. Cooper upon the receipt of that little girl, who will, we hope, be quite a comfort to them during the remainder of their days. Their other daughter, nearly two years old, is in so healthy a condition that, if her life is spared, she will grow up to be as charming and as popular as her mother was in her former days. I congratulate Mr. Cooper upon having let himself drift into the entanglement of a real love affair ending in a happy and undisturbed marriage, the result of which is that they have got two children, as sprightly as can be expected. Before Mrs. Cooper, nee Miss Anna Churchill, was married she had always been the envy of many young fellows. I mean what I say. I have watched the development of their older daughter with interest for more than one year, and she promises, when fully developed, to be a bright lady, for she makes several signs, perfectly intelligible to all who understand the sign-language, and she is remarkably smart for one of her age. I remember the time when she ate some red raspberries, a second growth of which was had from my garden last October, when the weather was quite warm. Mrs. Cooper took her over to our garden to get her some raspberries, she loved them so much. After giving them to her, she partook heartily of them, and held out her arms, saying, in funny signs, "Give me eat."

I have enjoyed hundreds of nocturnal interviews with Mrs. Cooper, at her house, and she is an excellent talker. The weather is quite warm to-day, the thermometer marking fifty-six, and, for pleasantness, it is all that could be desired. Lots of people are out sleigh riding. Last night, the weather being very mild, I enjoyed a lovely moonlight sleigh ride as far out in the country as I could venture, and got home at one o'clock in the morning. There are hundreds of deep pitchholes in the most of the roads over which I drove last night, and they are quite a nuisance to those fond of sleighing. The road between Mexico and Union Square was in an excellent condition when you and I went out sleigh riding three weeks ago, because it was nearly without pitchholes. Yours truly, C. O. U.

## FORGET ME NOT.

BY JOHN BROOKS. Forget me not. Forget me not, O true and faithful love, For I have not a friend but thee— But thee—and One above. Forget me not. Forget me not, To thee 'tis all I say, Thou brightest being 'neath the sun, More beautiful than day. Ah, then, wherever I may be, Whenever I may lot, 'Tis all that I request of thee, O thou, forget me not. Toronto, Can., Feb. 24, 1879.

## Local Paragraphs.

Freight trains were very busy on the railroad last week.

Goodie Packer has been very sick during the past few days.

Miss Kate Brown has continued very sick during the past week.

Rev. W. F. Hemenway was in New York on business last week.

Myron Collins has lately been confined to the house by sickness.

Considerable snow-bound freight has been received here recently.

Dr. G. A. Dayton, of Oswego, was in town on business one day last week.

The few days of mild weather lately have been gratefully received and much enjoyed.

Farmers who have the right kind of timber will soon be canvassing the maple sugar question.

The Presbyterian society held a very fine reception at the Presbyterian Church last week Wednesday evening.

A few days of temperate weather have made a little impression on the surface of the snow, but "still there's room for more."

We hear that Milton, Allen, and Ed. Kenyon and their families, of this town, will shortly move away and settle in some part of the West.

Owing to the late suspension of the trains on the railroad by the blockade of snow, work at the Gustin shops had to be stopped for lack of coal.

There was considerable moving the latter part of last week,—some of the academy students, from neighboring and more distant towns, moving back to their various and respective homes.

The academy and all the other schools in the village closed their winter terms last Friday, excepting that in district No. 7, which closed on the preceding Friday, a week earlier than usual.

Parsons & Vincent have leased Parker's summer hotel and will manage it this season. They will take good care of their guests, and we wish them a large business and much financial success.

The vocal, recitation, and dramatic entertainment repeated at Washington Hall, on the evening of March 6th, proved to be very interesting, was quite largely attended, and was a financial success.

Mr. Riley Cummings, of this town, an inoffensive, quiet old gentleman and a Christian, died last week. He was a widower, poor, owned a small house and lot at Texas, and was in part supported by the town.

Those who have lately occasionally sprinkled a few ashes over icy walks have done much towards preventing many people from slipping and falling, and perhaps averted some sprained joints and broken limbs.

MR. and Mrs. Homer Ballard will soon move on to their farm a short distance south of the Kenyon school-house, and we hear that Dr. and Mrs. C. W. Radway will move into the house now occupied by them.

George Landers, who has been at the West and enjoying his visit largely for the past few months, recently returned, and is back at his regular occupation, carriage painting, in the shops of George Penfield.

Peter Didier, who has been in Elgin and Springfield, Ill., for the past two or three years, arrived at his home in this village last week. His numerous friends here are pleased to see him again after his long absence.

During the recent protracted blockade on the railroad Penfield & Sons had to fall back on the old style of transportation. Running short on coal, they went to Oswego with teams and brought in several tons of that useful article.

We learn that the Presbyterian society of this village has for some time past been canvassing the subject of making extensive improvements in and on the edifice, and that some of the most wealthy members are willing to donate largely for that purpose.

Last Friday evening brought a very enjoyable time at Mexico Academy. A large number of students, who had been members of the academy during the past term, and others listened to the delivery of some very fine orations and essays by a number of students who are to graduate at the close of this spring's term. Good instrumental and vocal music added to the enjoyment of the occasion, and a sociable was participated in with much pleasure.

The interesting drama "Enlisted for the War, or our Home Guards" is to be repeated at Washington Hall this (Tuesday) evening, the proceeds to be used towards the purchasing of a town hall, or Washington Hall, as named by a vote of the people at our spring election. The drama is one of rare entertainment, and will be enlivened by delicious music from the Helicon Band. Of course everybody in and near this village would be pleased with a good town clock, and it is hoped that there will be a good attendance this evening. The fees for admission are light, but the drama is well played, and those who go will be well paid for the small expenditure of money, in addition to adorning the hall with a good, large clock, which will be a matter of great convenience to not only the people of our village, but to those residing near the village. Admission, 20 cents; Children under 12, 10 cents; for sale at L. L. Virgil's book store and by Henry Penfield at the express office. Doors open at 6:30; to commence at 7:30.

The snow has lately been taking a very heavy sweat—looking like a thaw.

Mr. Gideon Jones, who has been sick with consumption for a long time, died last Sunday. His funeral was conducted by Rev. W. F. Hemenway, pastor of the M. E. Church, at Mr. Jones' late residence at 9 o'clock this (Tuesday) morning. The body was taken to Fulton for interment. Mr. Jones has been a resident of this vicinity for many years, at various periods, and was well known as a good citizen and an exemplary Christian.

The Oswego District Conference will meet in semi-annual session in this village next Monday and Tuesday. The sessions will be held in Washington Hall. On Monday evening a sermon will be delivered by Rev. W. R. Cobb, of Camden, and for three years pastor of the M. E. Church of this village. The proceedings will be interesting throughout, and on Tuesday evening addresses will be delivered by two gentlemen from Syracuse.

The First Sunday After Rev. Dr. Gallaudet's Return From the South.

It has been said, and truly, too, that "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." Never do we so fully realize the love we bear a friend, never do we so value his kind attentions and advice, and awake to the full worth of his estimable qualities as when miles intervene between us. How different seems the place where we were wont to meet him, how doubly precious his presence, and how sorely we miss him and long for his kindly smile never so much as now.

If speaking eyes were eloquent Rev. Dr. Gallaudet needed no words to tell how glad we were to welcome him home and have him back among us again. It is evident that his trip to the "Sunny South" has done him much good; and, like a father gathered with his family, he spoke to us on the Sabbath of his return. In relating to his southern journey, he said it seemed like a dream; he could hardly realize he had been away for so long a time, traveling from one place to another almost continually, and undergoing so many changes, at last to find himself at home again safe and sound. It has been a wonderful and successful journey, the Dr. went on to say, he and Mr. Turner meeting everywhere with the utmost kindness, courtesy, hospitality, and encouragement; one incident of his travels was his visiting the Orphans' Home, when he spoke of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes. Before he left some money was put into his hands by one of those little orphans, collected together to help towards the mission. The sum was not much, but the action affected me in no ordinary measure, the Dr. said.

To-day being the first Sunday in Lent, the services were more than usually impressive, and so were the words of Dr. Gallaudet as he spoke of the life and death of ex-Mayor Westervelt, whose funeral he assisted at. "And I have lost another friend," he continued, "whose death has left a great void in my heart, that of the Rev. Dr. Haight, whose advice to me, when a young man, changed the whole course of my future life. It is with feelings of love and gratitude that I think of him who, years ago, when perplexed, discouraged, patted me so kindly on the shoulder and told me to go home and study hard another year. I followed his advice, and then and there determined to dedicate my life to God's service. And to-day I stand before you an ordained minister of His Gospel, with feelings both of reverence and gratitude to Dr. Haight and God almighty, who put it into his head and heart to guide me."

"I am no longer young," concluded Dr. G. "Life is very uncertain and I can not be with you always. Looking back to the time when I commenced my labors in that little hall, with a little fear to the present time, I can not but marvel at the result that has attended my labors with His help; and thanks unutterable be to Him who has thus blessed me and spared me so for many years of usefulness, and enabled me above all to stand here this blessed Sabbath day to proclaim the truth to a few no longer, but many gathered into the fold." Micros.

New York, March 2, 1879.

## OUR TORONTO LETTER.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—On Wednesday, the 19th inst., Mr. J. W. Langmuir, inspector, visited the Belleville Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

Mr. J. H. Brown, who had been appointed to teach visible speech in the Belleville Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, has arrived and will enter upon the discharge of his duties immediately.

A young man from the agricultural district was hard up, was lamenting, and could not get any employment, and he made up his mind to go away without money or food. This was the first day he went away along the railroad, and he travelled along the said railroad. When near a village he met two men, and asked them where he could get lodging for the night for nothing. The answer was that they did not know. It might be somewhere near the outskirts of the village. Then he traveled along with his traveling-bag on his back. When he reached the end of the village he saw a large boiler lying on a freight train, and he made up his mind to enter into the boiler. He thought he would get a free ride to San Francisco. He stopped in the boiler, and when the train was starting to go, he got up by the pipe's head, and was astonished to see the freight train going in the wrong direction. It was running down to where he started from, and he jumped out of the boiler, where he had hidden for a free ride. When he jumped from

the train his head went down into a marsh and became a fixture there, in mud about four feet deep. When the train passed, there were some men employed fixing rails, and they saw a man jump off the train and land his head in the mud. The workmen ran directly to the spot and dug him out of the mud. His hat was broken, but at length he stood a liberated man. Once more he feebly resumed his journey westward, but finally became despondent, and determined to end his earthly trouble by suicide. He thought differently of it, however, when a train drew nigh, and managed to save himself, but received a slight



## Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

### INTERESTING NEWS FROM OUR CANADA FRIENDS.

BELLEVILLE, ONT., March 4, 1879.

MR. EDITOR:—Perhaps a few words about us and the institution here might not be unacceptable to your readers, especially as I notice we do not figure very frequently in your columns.

In the literary department there are ten regular teachers, one assistant, and two monitorial teachers. Our highly-esteemed principal, W. J. Palmer, was formerly superintendent of the Raleigh (N. C.) deaf-mute school, and is too well known in most of the institutions in the States to require further mention, and the flourishing condition of the institution over which he presides bears ample testimony to his executive ability.

The first class, consisting mostly of semi-mutes and the most advanced deaf-mutes from the other classes, is taught by D. R. Coleman, for a number of years connected with the Raleigh deaf-mute school.

The second class is taught by J. T. Watson. Before the opening of this Government school he was one of the teachers, under his father-in-law, J. B. McGann, in Hamilton. By the way, owing to ill health, Mr. McGann last fall resigned his position as senior teacher, ever since which time he has been, and is still, confined to his bed.

The other teachers are P. Denys, who was employed as a teacher for about five years in the Mile End Institution at Montreal; S. T. Greene; R. J. Wallbridge; D. J. McKillop, formerly a pupil here; D. McDermid, who is also our telegraph operator; Mrs. J. J. Terrill, a daughter of Mr. McGann, who also taught for some time under him in Hamilton; Miss M. E. C. Johnson, sister of Professor Johnson, of the Rome deaf-mute school, and Miss A. E. Symes, who also takes charge of the girls during the hours of evening study.

Masters Kay and Peake, of Mr. Coleman's class, the former being a deaf-mute and the latter a semi-mute, have charge of the youngest class, teaching and going to class in rotation. Last fall the Government appointed J. H. Brown, of Port Hope, teacher of articulation. He arrived here two weeks ago from Boston, where he has been in course of training. He has now fully entered upon his duties, thus relieving Mr. Watson, who formerly had charge of this branch.

The other departments are also under able management. The shoe shop is in charge of J. Flowers, and the carpentering and cabinet-making business is under the direction of H. Crober.

Mrs. M. A. Keegan, our popular matron, is assisted by Miss A. M. Perry, who teaches plain and fancy needle-work during the hours of recreation.

Our bursar, Mr. A. Christie, is a most genial gentleman, and is thoroughly respected and esteemed by all.

The housekeeper, Mrs. Spaight, discharges her duties in a satisfactory manner.

George Begg and — Canniff are boys' supervisors. The former has only lately been appointed, in place of Mr. Mason, who resigned.

In conclusion, a word about our winter, which has been a genuine old-fashioned one, may not be amiss. We have lately been having the most intense cold; below zero almost every morning, deep snow, and roads full of pitchholes. March has come in like a lamb, a welcome change. It is to be hoped the old saying will not be fulfilled in this case. Yours sincerely, ZEPHYR.

### NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE NOTES.

KENDALL GREEN, Feb. 27, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Warm weather out of doors.

Another new student expected from California.

J. J. Murphy, of '79, is usher of the primary department.

Frank R. Gray, of '78, has gone to Texas to tarry for a while.

President Porter, of Yale College, has been here visiting his brother.

Round caps, without brim, are the latest style among the students.

The old-time friends and fellow-students of J. E. Crane, of '77, send their congratulations to him.

Professor Porter has given us the benefit of his vast and erudite learning in a lecture upon languages.

John G. Saxton, of New York, is the happy owner of a bicycle, on which he, now and then, rides down Pennsylvania avenue.

Certain students took care to remind others too forcibly and unpleasantly of the fact that there was snow on the ground.

The latest debate upon the floor of the Literary Society was whether the reign of Queen Victoria was more prosperous than that of Elizabeth.

In the middle of January last, tempted by the warm weather, so like that of balmy May, the Kendalls were out playing base-ball. This in mid-winter, too.

None are so blind as those who won't see, as a junior recently said to an envious sophomore who was trying to belittle his downy moustache.

Professor Starr, a traveling lecturer, gave us a microscopic lecture, which was rendered more highly interesting by his familiarity with signs.

Our "Dramatic Club" is becoming popular in the city, having received no less than three invitations, within two months, to act for the benefit of this or that church.

If you want to make a student raging mad, just pull away at his door, at a late hour of the night, and when he comes to the door, with sleepy eyes and in the robe of night, tell him you had forgotten to bid him good night and have come to repair your mistake.

One morning after breakfast a sophomore, in trying to push the folding door before him, found his purpose opposed by some one on the other side. Thinking it was a fellow student, playing some trick or other upon him, he exerted himself more strongly, but it was in vain. After a few moments more of striving, he gave it up and the door swung open, disclosing to his astonished view a certain professor and his wife. The professor laughingly remarked that their double strength had proved too much for the student.

A serious accident happened last week to J. A. Prince, a member of the senior class. While crossing a street at an early hour of the evening, he was knocked down and run over by a quickly-passing team, inflicting upon him several injuries, which might have resulted most seriously, but, happily, he escaped without loss of life or limb. As it was, a sprained arm, a bruised foot, and a bumped head were all the injuries he received. The driver of the wagon was arrested, brought to court, and fined twenty dollars. His Honor, the judge, evidently considered the act of running over a deaf-mute a very culpable one, and was strict accordingly on the offender. Mr. Prince, out of pity for the driver, declined to sue him for damages.

Two new students, in the simplicity of their hearts, have each lost an article of wearing apparel. One, while skating on Babcock Lake, put his overcoat in what he supposed was a safe place, and that was the last he saw of it. Another, in the gallery of the Senate Chamber, was so interested in the proceedings of that august body that, when he arose to go out, he found in the place of his own elegant hat protector an old, half-worn-out hat, that seemed to have stood the wear and tear of a woolly cranium. He made his way back to the college as fast as he could, avoiding the most crowded streets. The effect of the whole was, indeed, ludicrous in the extreme—an elegantly-dressed figure surmounted by a scare-crow hat!

During the holidays the thermometer stood several degrees below zero, and the weather was so bitterly cold that we kept indoors nearly all the time, trying to keep ourselves warm, but with indifferent success, for the cold wind made itself disagreeably felt through chinks in the windows and doors. We tried to shut it out by stuffing every chink with papers, rags, and anything that came ready for the purpose, but it proved a waste of time and labor. At night we almost smothered ourselves with as many as six blankets and two or three overcoats, in the fond hope of keeping ourselves warm, but the pitiless wind laughed at our efforts to scorn. At last, when our despair was at its height, a happy idea struck us; we poured water upon the chinks, and it froze instantly. The wind was effectually shut out, and our success was complete. Thus we have turned old Bore's own weapon against itself. One curious effect of the cold spell was noticed in a certain member of the faculty. Instead of putting on an extra shawl, as was universally expected when the cold weather came, he actually laid aside the one which he usually wore. This strange inconsistency was explained wittily as follows, by one of the juniors: Prof. — is like a thermometer, by means of which you can judge of the state of the weather. When he takes off his shawl, it is cold. When he puts it on, it is warm.

The other day, while we were engaged in an exciting game of foot-ball, a snow storm suddenly, and without any warning, broke upon us. Each side was too much determined to beat the other to give up the game for a few snowflakes. "The snow, the beautiful snow," fell thick and fast, blinding us in the eyes and in a few minutes every one of us was covered with a white sheet from head to feet. The scene must have put a beholder in mind of a party of ghosts, flitting about in the evening dusk, or a student of history of Napoleon's battles with the Russians, in the midst of a snow storm. The ground was soon covered with a white mantle to the depth of two or three inches, and running on the slippery grass had become a rather perilous feat. The foot-ball was rendered heavy in consequence of the wetting it received, and a great deal of strength in the legs was necessary to kick it to a respectable distance. Still we would not give up. At last, just as the storm was clearing up, a goal was won and the victorious side swung their hats high in the air, regardless of the cold. "It was a famous victory," as old Caspar said.

STUDENT.

Organization of a Base-Ball Club.

ROME, N. Y., March 7, 1879.

DEAR EDITOR:—It is a fact that a new base-ball club, called "Cricket," has been organized at the Central New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes for the season, and has engaged its players, viz: J. Bosson, Pitcher; G. D. Connor, Catcher; Geo. W. Schouten, First Baseman; E. B. Nelson, Second Baseman; H. Semple, Third Baseman; F. L. Solney, Short Stop; M. R. Minkler, Left Fielder; A. H. Miller, Centre Fielder; N. Enico, Right Fielder, and J. L. Keller and P. Brennan, Substitutes, and they will have new uniforms. They are active base-ballists and heavy batters. They will cheerfully practice, when the weather permits, and then challenge any other first-class junior or amateur club in the cities of Rome or Utica, and accept the challenges of any of the clubs of those cities.

Yours respectfully, Dorr.

### THE BIBLE-CLASS OF LOUISVILLE.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., March 3, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—It has been a long time since I last wrote to you; everything in Louisville has been very quiet, among the mutes in particular, until the first of January, and I am glad to be able to tell you that we have at last succeeded in establishing a Bible-class. The news will, I hope, be as pleasant to others as it is to us. We have long been without it. At the dawn of the New Year the deaf-mutes of this city concluded to turn over a new leaf to some purpose. They agreed to have a Bible-class every Sunday afternoon to study and to learn the nature of Christianity. They appointed Maggie E. Fella as their leader. She has been a member of the Methodist Church for many years, while a pupil at the Indiana Institution, and when she came to this city she was admitted by letter into the M. E. Church. Although she is a Methodist, the mutes under her teaching are nonsectarian. She does not enforce her faith upon them. With her heart in the work, everything goes on smoothly, and all yield to her influence. With their good will toward her, all seems prosperous. Her pastor, Rev. James Morris, who rendered himself illustrious among the yellow fever refugees who were in this city last summer, for his kindness toward them, will also befriend and encourage the mutes in their Sunday-school room by his presence occasionally, and a few other pastors, likely, will also make calls. Their purpose is to encourage and keep the class together. Rev. Mr. Morris' first words to Maggie, when he heard of the class, were: "Noble work; God is with you; God bless you." The meeting takes place in the Baptist Church, as it has so many rooms, and the people there are generous. When Mr. Gibson, a venerable old man, asked for a room, the janitor asked who was the teacher. He pointed at a *petite* lady. He smiled, and assigned her to one of the largest rooms in the church. Recently he remarked to her that she had the finest class he had ever known. The mutes had formerly had a Bible-class, but never kept it up long. With gratitude and obligations to the janitor, she made a short speech to the mutes, saying that they ought to be thankful that they had been given the use of such a nice room, and that they ought to resolve to lead a new life, avoid dissension, and discontent, which have been the cause of the class breaking up heretofore, and then she quoted the "Water Mill":

"Oh, the wasted hours of life  
That have floated by,  
Oh, the good we might have done,  
That's lost without a sigh;  
  
Love that we might once have had,  
Only for a word,  
Thoughts conceived, but never penned,  
Perishing unheard.  
  
Take the lesson to yourself,  
Take it, hold it fast,  
That the mill will never grind  
With the water that has past.  
  
Take the lesson to yourself,  
Honest hearts and true,  
Golden years are passing by,  
And youth is passing too.  
  
Try to make the most of life,  
Lose no honest way;  
All that we can call our own  
Lies in this to-day.  
  
Power, intellect, and strength  
May not, cannot, last,  
For the mill will never grind  
With the water that has past."

A SUBSCRIBER.

"OBSERVER" MAKES SOME OBSERVATIONS.

[From an occasional correspondent.]

MR. EDITOR:—Presuming that the readers of the JOURNAL would like to hear of my visit to Boston, your correspondent will write an account of what was seen. Arriving in Boston at one o'clock per the New York and New England Railroad, on the 22d inst. I strolled about the city for a little while. It was the 147th anniversary of Washington's birthday, and consequently it was a national holiday. Very little business was transacted, and the people took occasion to amuse themselves. Some middle-aged people joined the young folks in coasting. Several double-rippers, of fine style, were observed gliding down the glazed pathway on the Common. A bass sleigh, with a massive head of an eagle surmounted in front, and the great wings of the bird in the rear, was noticed by a large crowd of spectators. A smaller bass was behind the big one, and both were filled with gentlemen and ladies from Jordan, Marsh & Co.'s store. The large bass was drawn by eight horses and the smaller one had six horses hitched to it. Stopping in the Sherman House, I was pleased to meet a few friends.

Sabbath morning dawned with a prospect of a fine day. As Mr. W. H. Weeks, of Hartford, was to address the deaf-mutes in Boylston Hall, a large attendance was expected, so the writer went with John T. Tillinghast to the hall. As the time for service approached the attendance grew larger until there were sixty-five all told, and there were no seats for more.

The lecturer chose for his text I. Peter, iv: 18. The chief argument was that the *righteous were scarcely saved*. The lecture was both instructive and interesting, and a number of deaf-mutes were seen to clap and wring their hands in approbation. At the close of service Mr. Tillinghast took the platform and addressed the audience in a few words. Then he brought to view a valuable Bible and Teachers' Companion, and said that the committee had bought it for one who had well merited it. Mrs. Sally C. Lynde, the worthy Sabbath-school teacher and superintendent, was then called forward and the Bible was presented to her. Her name was stamped on the cover. It was, truly, a great surprise to her. It was the book that she longed for. A little later than the usual hour, Sabbath-school was opened, and I took the liberty of joining the scholars in the school exercises, which were the reading of selections of Scripture, and putting the words into the sign-language to show that we understood what we read.

At half past two in the afternoon we had social service. The one who officiated in the morning was called to the chair and, being the leader, he had the liberty to give out any subject he deemed might be of interest. The parable of the lost sheep was reproduced in such a graphic way that all appreciated the story, and the analogy was as clear as noonday. After that I had the pleasure of seeing social worship, which grew warmer as the exercises progressed. I was obliged to leave, as I had an engagement elsewhere. I called at the house of Mr. George A. Holmes, but he was not at home. He had an appointment to address the deaf-mutes in Salem, Mass., P. W. Packard having gone to Lowell on the same mission. I found Mrs. Holmes not in her usual health. She seemed to be quite feeble, but resigned. A few pleasant moments were spent with her and her sister, Mrs. Wheeler, then I took leave.

My next call was upon Mr. and Mrs. W. Lynde, and I found them at home. Nothing of importance transpired. Our chief talk was the Sabbath-school,—how it might be conducted.

The time arrived for me to leave town. A friend said that I expected to find a clean bed in the station-house. It was a joke well taken.

AN OBSERVER.

### FROM OVER THE ATLANTIC.

VIENNA, AUSTRIA, Feb. 17, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I am glad to write you a few lines that may be much welcomed by yourself. Before all, I say my hearty thanks to you for having sent my papers regularly. I feel much satisfied to remark to you that my thanks are due to my friend in Boulder, Col., for having made the matter all right.

The first reading of the interesting news that filled the columns of your paper, to a rare plenty, must bring me to the frank confession that I feel much regret to find in the whole European continent no German paper that could compete with yours in journalistic superiority. But I think that I am right to except, in this respect, the German deaf-mute paper that has been issued monthly in Budapest, the capital of the Hungarian Kingdom, during the last year, and to that I have contributed several articles on deaf-mute matters. Alas! this paper that had the title "*Teubstommen-Post*" must soon vanish away like the bright comet in the starry heaven, for lack of proper support.

It should be considered as a calamity for German deaf-mutes that they are indifferent to the dying away of that paper. Now there are two German papers, one in Berlin and the other in Switzerland, that I would like to call by their right names—rag-baby papers. Statistics show that there are in European States over 80,000 German deaf-mutes, of which not more than one-third have been educated.

Thus it will be a question whether two single papers could suffice for the wants of so many thousands of deaf-mutes. Stopping this writing, to assure you that I will write more next time, I say to you my hearty greetings, as well as to the numerous friends in the United States who take a little interest in my fate.

Yours respectfully, FRANCIS ROTTER.

### CINCINNATI NOTES.

Twenty deaf-mutes attended a party given by Mr. John Barriack at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Jos. H. Vance in Newport, Ky., on New Year's eve. Mrs. Vance refused him an invitation for two deaf-mutes to attend. These two kind-hearted deaf-mutes presented Mr. and Mrs. Vance with a fine cooking stove on the 26th of May last, the occasion of their tin wedding. It is unnecessary to comment further on this return for their generosity and good feeling.

George VanDoren, of Franklin, O., was in this city on a visit about three weeks ago.

Frank Cately, a well-known compositor, is described as having grown extremely stout. He looks like General Grant.

Mrs. Jesse Hoagland, a graduate of the Indiana Institution, is living in Covington, Ky., with her family and two splendid children. She is a fine and accomplished lady.

Mrs. Fannie Smithson was educated at Belfast, Ireland. She is a pleasant and intelligent lady, and blessed with a beautiful daughter about five years old.

Mrs. Frank Cately, nee Miss Eddy, a graduate of the Kentucky Institution, is a pretty, smart, and estimable young lady.

Miss Mary L. Swem, a teacher in the Louisiana Institution, made a flying visit to her friends in this city a few days ago. She is visiting her parents in Amelia, O. Her brother, Simon O. Swem, of Amelia, O., was married to Miss Hattie C. Gould on the 25th of February. Both were educated at Columbus, O.

Miss Swem, a graduate of the Ohio Institution, is a nice young lady.

Mr. R. P. McGregor is teaching a day school for deaf-mute children, which is supported by the city. He has now thirty-five pupils.

Rev. A. W. Mann comes here to preach about every sixth Sunday.

A FRIEND.

Cincinnati, O., Feb. 28, 1879.

### "SURPRISED" FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THEIR LIVES.

HARTFORD, Conn., Feb. 28, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Thursday evening, February 27th, according to previous arrangements, the deaf-mute graduates of Hartford met at the house of an old deaf-mute couple, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Jordan, and gave them a pleasant surprise. The party numbered about two dozen. Under pretext, they sent one of their number to arrange the toilet for Mrs. Jordan, and, when about ready, a knock was heard, or felt, at the door. A heavy knock it must have been for deaf-mutes are insensible to all light noises or sounds. The door was opened by Mr. Horace Jordan, and he was surprised at seeing such a large company streaming in. It was the first time in their married life, which has extended over twenty-nine years, that the couple were completely taken by surprise. Mrs. Jordan was in the next room with a lady friend. When she entered she was so much struck that a close observer could catch her eyeballs rolling, and it was feared that they might get dislodged from their sockets; but she was soon relieved, when she was given a seat.

The company enjoyed themselves by chatting, playing games, and in story telling. Parlor tableaux were exhibited, which very much amused the company. Several ladies slipped out of the company in order to arrange the tables, and load them with refreshments, after which all did justice to the eatables, and a cup of coffee or tea was refreshing.

The repeat over, the company was requested to be seated. Mr. Salmon Crossett, whose Christian name ought to be Solomon, then took the floor and made a short address to the host and hostess. He spoke of their long-wedded life and of Mr. Jordan's kind attentions to his wife. He said that at that time he would intrude upon his right. Mrs. Jordan had on a new dress, that was intended for a friend, as she believed. The speaker said that we bought it for her, and not that only, but a new bonnet, neatly trimmed, was produced. The whole outfit cost not less than \$30. The last and best of the presents was a family Bible, with large type.

The surprise was perfect in every shape, and never did a more pleasant gathering meet. The dial of the clock indicating eleven, the company took leave, with pleasant recollections.

W. H. W.

### WALKING CONTEST.

FRISBEE, THE DEAF-MUTE WALKIST, SAID TO HAVE BEEN BEATEN BY UNFAIR SCORING.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Will you please permit me to insert in your valuable paper, if you have any space to spare, an account of Mr. Edwin W. Frisbee's (of Boston) walking in Wakefield, Mass., where the walking tournament took place on the evening of the 22d ult.

I noticed in the Boston papers that Mr. Frisbee was one of the contestants who were to participate in the walking tournament in Wakefield on the evening of the 22d ult. He wrote in reply to my inquiry that he was certain to participate in the coming contest, and I decided to go there to see him walk. He also stated that he would stop in this town to call upon me before going to Wakefield.

Wakefield is a fine town, has a population of about 5,000, and is nine miles from Boston, on the Boston and Maine Railroad.

This town is 7 miles from Boston, and is the next town to Wakefield.

Mr. Frisbee kept his word by coming to town at noon on the 22d, and called on me at my place of employment, through the guidance of Mr. Chas. A. Douglas, of this town, who, on his return from Boston, happened to meet him on the cars. I was most happy to see him, and spent an hour or two in showing him over the shop, the manufacture of furniture, and in talking over the possible events of the coming contest. Then he took a short walk in company with Mr. Chas. A. Douglas in town, and Mr. Douglas welcomed him to his residence, where he spent the rest of the afternoon, to rest well in preparation for the contest.

Before dusk, Mr. Douglas, his brother Elisha (speaking), and I went in company with Mr. Frisbee in the cars, which reached Wakefield in a few minutes. Mr. Frisbee was quite the lion of the evening, as soon as his arrival was known, and the name of Frisbee was spoken on the mouth of everybody who went among and near us. The general opinion was expressed that he would come out as the winning man. We learned it through Mr. Elisha A. Douglas, who proved to be of much valuable assistance to us by telling what he heard them talking. We wended our way to the town hall, where the contest took place. There was a large audience present, including quite a number of ladies.

The match was the two-hour walking match, and the prize was a silver cup, which was to be awarded to the man covering the greatest distance in two hours. It required twenty-four laps to each mile, and there were fourteen starters participating. Mr. Elisha Douglas had the honor of taking a seat on the stage by those who had charge of the contest, and he kept Frisbee well informed as to what the referee or scorers said during the contest. Mr. Chas. A. Douglas had the pleasure of waiting on and caring for Frisbee on his tramp. I privately kept the score of miles and laps Frisbee walked on his tramp, and Mr. Elisha A. Douglas also kept a private score for him. It was noticeable that Mr. Frisbee was the shortest of all the

pedestrians, but was a fine-looking athlete, more so than any of the others.

The walking began at 25 minutes before 8 o'clock. Some walkists were either ruled out for unfair walking, or abandoned their tramps owing to their exhausted conditions. Frisbee walked fast and steady in the first hour, and at the beginning of the second hour he walked faster. At the end of one hour and a half he was informed that Mr. De Roche, of Wakefield, was ahead of all. He was surprised on hearing it, and decided that there was something wrong, but kept to his walk faster and faster, and passed De Roche several times in the approaching of the end of the second hour, which won the admiration and excitement of the spectators. They wildly cheered him by clapping their hands, waving their hats, handkerchiefs, etc. De Roche looked pale, walked slower and slower, and seemed ready to drop out any moment, while, on the contrary, Frisbee looked natural and fresh, and still walked faster and faster until the two-hour match was at an end at 25 minutes before 10 o'clock. Much to our disgust and surprise, as well as to the majority of the spectators, De Roche was declared the winner by accomplishing 13 miles and 7 laps. Frisbee covered 12 miles and 17 laps, according to the official score. Many expressed disbelief in the official score, and said there was fraud in it.

It was generally believed that Mr. Frisbee won the race fairly and squarely. I compared my private score with that of Mr. Douglas, and each showed that Frisbee covered 13 miles and 9 laps in two hours. It will be seen that he beat De Roche by two laps, and the honor which fairly belonged to him was wrested from him through carelessness on the part of the scorers. Frisbee was, of course, very indignant and felt keenly over it. He was sure of covering the greater distance, and we were also sure of it.

The last Boston train brought us back to this town, and Mr. Frisbee accepted and enjoyed the hospitality which Mr. Douglas kindly extended him, and stayed over Sunday, the following day. He expressed his willingness to walk against De Roche at any time.

The scorers wrote, in reply to our communication in the Boston papers, that they did not know how to keep a correct score, and that it was somewhat difficult to keep score as there were only three scorers for fourteen starters. But they, of course, claimed that their score was correct, according to their belief. The manager who originated the walking contest met Mr. Frisbee in Boston, where they witnessed the walking contest on the 26th ult. He expressed his regret that there was unfairness and carelessness on the part of the scorers, and declared that he knew that Frisbee won the race fairly and squarely.

GUESS WHO.

Melrose, Mass., March 3d, 1879.

### The Fear of Being Laughed At.

This ridiculous fear has brought thousands to the gallows. Many who have physical courage enough to brave any danger on land or sea are so destitute of moral courage that they cannot withstand a sneer, even from those below them. Many a young lad can trace his first essay in crime to this fear, when the principles of moral rectitude would have preserved him had he not been overcome by the ridicule of his companions.

I remember an instance of this where, although it has not brought the delinquent to the scaffold, it has brought him to shame and infamy. John was a good-natured, two-fisted, strong lout of a boy, as we say down East, naturally diffident, and possessing some peculiarities of appearance and behavior. His parents kept him well and hearty on coarse food, and suffering him to roll in a sand-bank near the house, until he was old enough to wield a spelling-book and also carry a peck of corn on his shoulder to mill and get it ground for his supper on his return. Now John was not destitute of ability, and might have become a useful citizen. But the boys laughed at him, and although John in his turn could laugh too, yet his mother said John should not go to school to be laughed at; and so she kept him at home to roll in the sand-bank and play with a shaggy-tailed puppy somebody had given him. As he had nothing to keep him at home on all great occasions, such as trainings, musters, huskings, etc., etc., he was sure to attend them. John did not naturally love rum—he could see nothing very pleasant in the taste or reviving in its effects; but others drank, and if he didn't drink they would laugh at him. And so John became a drunkard for fear of being laughed at. John's history, as simple as it is, is not a solitary instance.

Many a confirmed thief began his career by stealing apples and water-melons for fear of being laughed at by his companions; many a gambler began his career by simply playing a little for fun, because if he didn't others would laugh at him and call him a nippy and a Methodist; and even in good society we daily see a good resolution suppressed because folks will laugh. I could spin out a long moral here, but leave it for others, for fear of being laughed at.

RAMBLER.

In a breach of promise lawsuit, in Marshalltown, Iowa, the plaintiff swore that he broke the engagement with the defendant because, when he slipped and fell on the ice, she laughed unfeelingly. She swore that she laughed because he would not have fallen if he had not bowed with superfluous politeness to a young woman.

### NEWS FROM ROCHESTER.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Like some tardy correspondents, I can hardly make any excuses for my long neglect. It is a year since I sent to your paper an account of some events that had happened in this institution. But now I seize this opportunity, and will try to be more prompt hereafter.

This institution, like most others, has been favored with a great many blessings, kindly bestowed upon it from above. The pupils are generally in the enjoyment of good health, except a few slight complaints.

Our principal was suddenly taken very ill just two days before the present home to spend the last holiday vacation. The doctor was sent for immediately, and he pronounced his case to be the erysipelas fever; but with the kindest care of the officers, and especially of his wife, and by a merciful Providence, he was restored to health, and now he attends to his business with more vigor than ever.

Prof. E. P. Hart has been confined to his home ever since the latter part of November on account of sickness. The last we heard of him he was improving, but would hardly be able to resume his duties within four weeks. His pupils and friends miss him very much, and are very anxious to have him come back soon.

The number of pupils in attendance is gradually increasing. We have heard of a good many young mutes in the neighboring counties who, we expect, will, in due time, become pupils here. The latest arrival is that of the smallest and lightest youngster in school. He is from Ontario county. His age is six years, and he weighs only thirty-nine pounds. It was amusing to see him shut the front door himself, after his aunt, who brought him, and skip about like a lively lamb.

This school is very conveniently located. It is on the steep east bank of the Genesee River, which empties into Lake Ontario, six miles away. Our school buildings were formerly used by the city for a "Truant House," but became vacant in the year 1875 for certain reasons given by the city authorities. All the buildings, not including the large lot, cost the city over \$80,000. I learned, from some source, that they were offered for sale at half of that sum. Professor Westervelt wisely obtained this place a year ago last April, at an annual rent of \$500, for between five and ten years. When we first moved here from South St. Paul street, we found that many changes and additions had to be made to adapt the place to our school. The principal buildings on the place are the main building, the school-house, the laundry and a good-sized barn. The school-house is a two-story brick building; the lower story was formerly used for a chair manufactory, and the second for recitation rooms. During the last vacation the whole building was fitted up for school purposes and divided into eight rooms, and the work was nearly done when the pupils returned to school.

In November last a new furnace was placed in the cellar of the school-house, with which the school-rooms are heated, the main building being thoroughly heated by steam. A new building, sixty-five feet long by forty-five feet wide, was erected, connecting the school-house with the main building. It is divided into three large and commodious apartments, viz: the boys' dormitory, the dining-hall, and the boys' study-room and the chapel combined. There is a large cellar under the whole of this addition. The three buildings now connected together are two hundred feet long, and we can pass from end to end through doors inside. The supply of water is brought from Hemlock Lake, thirty-three miles distant. Last October 3,000 feet of pipe were laid in North St. Paul street, thus bringing the water to the institution from the city mains. A new street railroad was built last fall as far as Clifford street, about two-thirds of a mile from here. People desiring to visit our school will take a car whose sign reads "North St. Paul Street," in black letters, on a white side strip. The cars start from the four corners by the post-office every thirty minutes.

During the last memorable storm we were literally snowed



## The Words of Strength.

There are three lessons I would write—  
Three words as with a burning pen,  
In tracings of eternal light,  
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope. Though clouds environ now,  
And gladness hides her face in scorn,  
Put thou the shadow from thy brow—  
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith. Where'er thy bark is driven—  
The calm'st of seas, the tempest's mirth—  
Know this—God rates the hosts of Heaven,  
The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love. Not love alone for one,  
But man as man, thy brother call,  
And sister like the circling sun  
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—  
Hope, Faith and Love—and thou shalt find  
Strength when life's surges rudest roll,  
Light when thou else were blind.

—Schiller.

## SUNDAY READING.

Christ and his cross are not separable in this life, howbeit Christ and his cross part at heaven's gate, for there is no house-room for crosses in heaven.—*Rutherford.*

The faith to which the Scriptures attach such momentous consequences, and ascribe such glorious exploits, is a practical habit, which, like every other, is strengthened and increased by continual exercise. It is nourished by meditation, by prayer, and by the devout perusal of the Scriptures.—*Robert Hall.*

You may bind a bird with a soft silken cord, and while he remains still he will not be sensible of his confinement; but as soon as he attempts to fly he will feel the cord that confines him; and the greater his desire and his efforts to escape, the more sensible will be of his bondage. So the sinner may long be a slave to his sins, and never be aware of it till he rises to go to Christ.—*Payson.*

## Money.

Money is like manners, good for nothing, if it be not spread. When God enriches good men, they must remember that they are but stewards, and must give an account. What had men bring a curse upon their families with the ill-gettings of, good men bring a blessing upon their families with the well-usage of. He that by "unjust gain" increaseth his substance, shall gather it for him that will pity the poor.—*Prov. xxviii:8.*

## Sorrow and Joy.

Reader, did you ever notice immediately after the "marriage" head that the "obituary" followed? Typical of the wedding happiness and grief in this life. The chants and songs and glees of merry ones to-day will be broken by wails to-morrow, for the gods will be piled on the breast of some we thought not so near the grave. We read who are married, and wish them joy; a line below is the records of deaths, and we say, mournfully, peace to their ashes. Sorrow treads on the heels of joy; songs are hushed by the foot-falls of death; laughs are broken rudely—voices, no matter how musical, stilled in a moment.

## His Face His Own Verdict.

It is a solemn thought that there comes a day to every man, who lives long enough, when his face will be his own verdict; when the three score years and ten of anger, malice and uncharitableness shall have plowed wrinkles, set hollows and bent features till the sinful face indexes the sinful will; on the other hand, the life of love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, faith, meekness, and temperance has power to transform the plainest countenance into a beauty lasting as eternity. It is impossible to look into one of these faces, homely, perhaps by nature, but born again into beauty that is far above that of mere prettiness of form and color, and now thank God that a right to be beautiful is a prerogative of face animated by a soul; and a beauty so sublime that it will be worthy of translation.

## TWO SHORT SERMONS FOR DEAF-MUTES.

"I die daily"—1. Corinthians, xv:31.

This was said by Saint Paul while in full health and strength. Let us see how he died daily.

I. He died daily because he was in constant danger of death. We, too, are in danger of death.

II. His body was constantly decaying; his friends were dying. Our bodies are decaying continually; our friends are dying; we are mortals.

III. Paul died daily to sin. So should we. If we do not grow better, we grow worse; we cannot remain the same. We must grow better or worse.

IV. Paul died daily by continual preparation for death. He was always ready to die. We do not know how soon we may die, or the manner of our death. Let us be ready at all times, so that, when death does come, we may die and go to heaven, there to praise God forever.

## Search the Scriptures.

To some who rejected Him the Saviour said: "Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me."—John v:39. They hoped for heaven while rejecting the only Saviour, the promised Messiah. Did the Scriptures authorize such a hope? Were their hopes well founded? Let them search and see. The very Scriptures, in which they rested their hopes, testified of Christ, whom they rejected.

## A SYMPATHISER.

STAMFORD, Conn., March 3, 1879.  
EDITOR JOURNAL:—I am extremely interested in your valuable paper, although I am not a deaf-mute. I think every mute ought, without delay, to subscribe for it, and I am quite positive that they would never regret it. My sister, who is one of the unfortunate mutes, takes great pleasure in reading it, and is always anxious to know the news it contains. What a blessing it is that the people who are deprived of their voices and hearing can be educated! I presume all your readers have heard of Miss Laura Bridgman, who is not only deaf and dumb, but blind. I once heard an incident relating to her. She went into a fancy store to purchase a tassel to put on a purse. The lady who attended the store said she selected the best one in the store. But I think if I had my choice I should prefer to be a mute. I will now close by wishing you success.  
Respectfully yours,  
AMY H. LOCKWOOD.

## A MUTE MISLED.

JOHN A. JACOBS, SUPERINTENDENT OF AN ASYLUM AT DANVILLE, KY., CHARGED WITH SEDUCING AND ABANDONING A DEAF AND DUMB TEACHER.

[From the Cincinnati Enquirer.]

The sad fate of some poor unfortunate woman whose happiness, if not her life, has been destroyed or made almost unbearable by some evil fortune or trustfulness, is often the theme of a correspondent's task. Disagreeable as the task may be, it is sometimes the duty owing to the victim of man's inhumanity, not so much on account of the warning such incidents contain, for they are seldom heeded, and the memory of one sorrow of this kind scarce becomes dim before another occurs to increase the sad record, but in hopes that the woman may stand vindicated, and shown to have been grievously wronged.

The history of the case now before us covers a period of five years, and involves one Miss A. M. Jones, an inmate and afterward teacher in the State institution for the deaf and dumb at Danville, Ky., and Mr. J. A. Jacobs, of the same village and institution, and its superintendent, who but for his timely death no doubt would have added the crime of bigamy to those already committed, and dishonored and disgraced an accomplished and wealthy lady of Boyle county, Ky.

There were two men named J. A. Jacobs, who lived and died in the village of Danville, Ky. They were uncle and nephew, and both men were, at different times, superintendent of the State deaf and dumb institution located at Danville. The elder, John A. Jacobs died in 1869. His nephew, John A. Jacobs, Jr., who had for some time been an assistant under his uncle in the institution, was appointed to fill the vacancy thus occasioned by the death of his uncle. This position he held until last December 27th, when he, too, died of inflammation of the bladder. To the people of Danville John A. Jacobs was a demi-god. He was held in the highest esteem by all, and suspicion was never entertained by any, even his enemies, if he had any, that he wore upon his breast a "scarlet letter," and that under his goodness and apparent cheerfulness he hid a guilty heart, and added to his sin hypocrisy. He lived and died, as the good people of his home supposed, a single man. He was a man of about 40 years of age, fine physique, of good general address, and altogether, rather attractive. He was born in Michigan; removed when a child to Missouri; where his parents now live. He was educated at Centre College, at Danville, and after his graduation he was given a position as teacher under his uncle in the institution. When the civil war broke out he joined the federal army, became a commissioned officer, and served with great credit until the close of the war. When he returned to Danville he was given his old position as teacher, and promoted to assistant superintendent, and after, as before stated, made superintendent. At the time of his death he was engaged to be married to a beautiful young lady at Danville, Boyle county—a lady of wealth and many accomplishments. At his death his estate hardly paid his indebtedness, but he left his insurance policy, No. 114,167, in the New York Mutual for \$3,000, made payable to his mother at Mexico, Mo.

MISS A. JONES

was a deaf and dumb girl of 8 years of age when, in 1871, she was placed in the State Deaf and Dumb Institution at Danville. Besides this affliction she was blind in one eye. But nature, as a recompense for these deformities, liberally bestowed upon her a fine intellect, a lovely and lovable disposition and sweet temper. After a regular course of study in the institution she was made a teacher, which position she filled with credit and satisfaction.

HER FALL.

While thus engaged under John A. Jacobs, Jr., the superintendent, he, taking advantage of his position and natural attainments, won by his marked attentions the love and confidence of the poor and almost friendless deaf and dumb girl. She loved too well, but not too wisely, and early in May, 1874, she made the terrible discovery that she was to become a mother while as yet she was not a wife. Her reputation and his were at stake, and so, under the pretext of failing health, she started to go to friends somewhere in Pennsylvania, and, as John A. Jacobs happened to have some important business East, which must be attended to at once, he accompanied her. They went to Miamisburg, a village in Montgomery county, about twelve miles

south of Dayton, and stopped. Jacobs then went on to Dayton and took out a marriage license under fictitious names, giving his as "A. J. Brandon," and her name as "Maria A. Baker." The license was issued on the 27th day of May, 1874, by Dennis Dwyer, Probate Judge of Montgomery county, Ohio. Here Jacobs took advantage of the woman, who supposed she was being married under her right name to Jacobs under his right name. After the marriage Jacobs, now alias Brandon, brought the poor girl to Hamilton, and procured her board at the residence of Philip Berry, in the Second Ward, a respectable and fatherly old gentleman, who with his kind and estimable wife did everything in their power to make the young wife comfortable. Here Jacobs, alias Brandon, represented himself as a traveling agent for a large wholesale liquor house in St. Louis, and necessarily away from home most of the time. Before leaving he left on deposit at the First National Bank of Hamilton, subject to her order, some \$500 for her board and other expenses. Some five months after her marriage and her arrival in Hamilton she gave birth to a fine girl baby, still living.

Jacobs, alias Brandon, visited at regular intervals and seemed very fond of his wife and child. During his absence she kept up a regular correspondence with him, but addressed her letters to "A. J. Brandon, care of J. A. Jacobs, Jr., Danville, Ky." When asked why she did this, she said it was done in accordance with his wishes, as he said if it was discovered that he had seduced her in the institution he would not only be disgraced, but lose his position, and so, under the circumstances, she addressed him as above. Several times during his visits at Hamilton he was met on the street by Paul Milikin, who formerly lived at Danville, Ky., and who recognized him immediately. Paul says Jacobs would never talk much to him and always seemed uneasy and in a great hurry to get away from him. These meetings occurred several times and always with the like result. Paul asked him if he had given up his position in the institution, and what he was doing. Jacobs, alias Brandon, said he was traveling for a wholesale whiskey house in St. Louis. Besides thus being identified, he had gone to the bank and drawn money on checks, signing Mrs. Brandon's name for his own. He made several deposits of money at the bank for his wife, who had a comfortable home until within a few months past, when his correspondence broke off abruptly, as did the supply of money for her support. By this time three children had been born to the deaf and dumb mother, and brighter and prettier children are seldom to be found than they are. At his last visit here Mrs. Brandon says that her husband made her destroy every scrap of paper he had ever written to her on, including all his letters, notes, etc., and to-day she has nothing in her possession but his photograph and a couple of bank checks with his writing upon them. This, no doubt, was the point where the villain in the man assumed the mastery, and this precaution was the preliminary step to destroy all evidence against him prior to his final desertion of his deaf and dumb wife and his marriage to the wealthy Kentucky belle. She being unable to get any word from her husband, and her board all running behind, as well as other debts accumulating, she went to Mr. Philip Berry, Sr., and requested him to write, which he did, the following being a true copy of the one sent to Danville:

"HAMILTON, O. Jan. 22, 1879.—Mr. BRANDON:—Dear Sir: At the request of Mrs. Brandon I write to you concerning her situation. Her health is rather delicate at this time, and she wishes the doctor brought for herself. Leslie and Bertha have been under the doctor's hands with something bordering on the diphtheria. Both are getting better now. Mrs. Brandon is quite low-spirited, and wants to know what to do. Her board is unpaid for nearly three months; she owes \$12 for washing and \$6 for coal, and is out about \$5 for milk. She wants some articles of dress for herself and children, for which she wishes to pay, and must be paid shortly if possible. If they are not paid, and cannot be paid soon, write to her and tell her what she had better do, as something must be done before long, and your presence would be more acceptable to her than anything and all else beside. My family are all in our usual health. Yours truly, PHILIP BERRY."

This letter was addressed to A. J. Brandon, care of J. A. Jacobs, Danville, Ky. In answer to the above came back the following letter:

"KENTUCKY INSTITUTE FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB, DANVILLE, KY., Jan. 25, 1879.—PHILIP BERRY, Esq.:—Dear Sir: We have received several letters directed to Mrs. A. J. Brandon, care of J. A. Jacobs, Jr. This man, Mr. Brandon, has not been in Danville as we can find out, therefore I took the liberty of opening this letter to find out what should be done. I have returned two, I think, to Hamilton, O. Mr. J. A. Jacobs might have heard of Mr. Brandon, but Mr. Jacobs is dead, therefore we do not know how to assist you in finding him. Mr. Jacobs died on the 27th of last December. Should you like to know anything further, and if I can assist you in hunting up Mr. Brandon, you can write me at Danville. Very respectfully yours, G. F. LUTTOX."

This letter was received and read by Mr. Berry, and, of course, not knowing the relationship of Mrs. Brandon to J. A. Jacobs, and that Brandon and Jacobs were one and the same person, took it down to the house and read it to her. The effect of the letter can better be imagined than de-

scribed when, for the first time, the terrible truth burst upon the poor deaf and dumb mother that she was a widow, alone and without relatives or friends, with three little children to support besides herself, and destitute, and worse than destitute, for she had honorable debts, contracted under the belief that her husband would soon arrive and pay them off. Her suffering was painful to behold, as the poor woman was denied the ordinary means of giving vent to grief in sobs and lamentations. All she could do was to wring her hands in despair, while those around her heard nothing but low moans. They, of course, could not comprehend the situation, and it was some time before her grief subsided enough to permit her to tell them, by writing on paper (her mode of communication) her whole pitiful story. Upon hearing it Mr. Berry called to his assistance his son Philip G. Berry, who is a prominent attorney of the Butler county bar, and into whose hands the case was put, it being supposed that Jacobs left some estate which rightfully belonged to Mrs. Brandon, now known as Mrs. Jacobs. Again rumor began to be circulated that he had been married before his marriage with this lady, and therefore she was not his lawful wife. Again, that he had been married in Danville since his marriage with Mrs. Jones, etc. Mr. Berry, the attorney, immediately put himself in correspondence with an attorney at Danville relative to securing something from Jacob's estate, and to learn the truthfulness of his reported death and the other rumors. In reply Mr. Berry received a letter from a prominent attorney at Danville, in which he says: "Jacobs was never married as far as this community knew to any one, and lived, apparently, the most exemplary life, with morals above reproach, and was the respected head of one of our State institutions of charity, and should the facts which you have communicated to me become known, even though he were legally married to this lady, having concealed it as he did, it would make his name simply infamous. \* \* \*

I enclose the photograph you sent for, which is a very good picture of him." Prior to the reception of the above the following cold and inhuman letter was received by Mr. Berry in reply to one written by him, from George F. Lupton, a trustee of the institution: "DANVILLE, Jan. 30, 1879.—PHILIP BERRY, Esq.:—Dear Sir: Yours of the 27th inst. was received on the 28th. In reply I would state what I had already written, viz.: 'Mr. J. A. Jacobs died on the 27th of last December. His estate being insolvent, there is nothing from which "Mrs. Brandon" can receive any benefit.' Respectfully, GEORGE F. LUTTOX.

P. S.—I would suggest that she look to her friends for assistance." This is but a fair sample of the feeling among the board of commission of the institution and those connected with it. They are inclined to slur the woman, and yet they are exceedingly anxious to have the whole matter kept secret, for fear Jacobs' good name might be tarnished. They are willing that a poor, weak woman, with three helpless children, shall bear all the odium and shame in order that the memory of this demi-god of theirs may not suffer. He is dead and gone, but the legal wife and children live, and their name and honor are the first to be protected. There is some \$700 yet remaining in the hands of the administrator, but when the destitute and wronged wife and her children made application for it, this board of commissioners of a great institution of the great State of Kentucky intimidated the willing and just administrator by threats and legal proceedings against himself and bondsmen, and threw every obstacle in the way of the legal wife and children from receiving anything from the husband and father's estate. Their action calls the blush of shame to the cheeks of every honest and true man and woman. The principal leader in the opposition is one John Proctor, a member of the board of commissioners and the cashier of the Central National Bank of Danville. When he received the letter of Berry, Sr., he wrote to the First National Bank of Hamilton to know the standing of Mr. Berry, and received a reply that for integrity, honesty, truthfulness and standing in the community he was number one, and with hardly an equal.

The following letter is from the probate judge of Montgomery county, and shows the date of the issuing of the marriage license:

DATTON, O., Feb. 5, 1879.—TO P. G. BERRY, attorney at Hamilton, O.; A. J. BRANDON obtained a license to marry Maria A. Baker on the 27th day of May, 1874, and was married on the same day by Mr. Dustin, M. G. Respectfully,

JOHN L. H. FRANK, Probate Judge Montgomery County, O.

The above is given to show, in connection with other things, that Brandon and Jacobs were the same person, and below is given a letter from the minister who performed the marriage ceremony, who, as he says, remembers it perfectly well. P. G. Berry, the attorney, is deserving of much credit for the manner in which he has cleared up the case and placed the poor deaf and dumb woman above all suspicion, and this without the expectation of any reward beyond that peace and self-satisfaction which follows the discharge of a duty and an act of clarity, which, on reflection, is more adequate recompense than money in the form of that peace which the world cannot give to take away.

"ST. PAUL, O., Feb. 10, 1879.—P. G. BERRY, Esq.:—Dear Sir: Yours of the 8th inst. is received, and in response to your inquiry I would say that on the 27th day of May, 1874, I solemnized the marriage of Albert J. Bran-

don and Maria A. Baker. That is, these were the names on their license; the parties themselves were strangers to me; so far as I know I never saw either of them until that day, and have not seen them since. The marriage ceremony was performed at the M. E. parsonage at Miamisburg, and was witnessed by my wife and daughter. Mr. Brandon told me that Miss Baker was a deaf-mute, but was educated, so I wrote with a pencil the question which I usually ask the bride, and at the proper stage in the ceremony handed her the paper containing the question, which she read, or looked over as if she was reading deliberately, and when she got through she signified her assent to the question by a bow. The license was issued by Dennis Dwyer, probate judge of Montgomery county, O., and bears date of May 27, 1874.

Yours respectfully,  
M. DUSTIN.

Jacobs is dead. What his feelings must have been on his death-bed, when conscious that he was leaving a wife and three children uncare for, unprotected, far away among strangers and living under an assumed name, no one will ever know. That he should thus die with his lips sealed as to this matter, and make no efforts by confession to make what amends he could for the great wrong done, never send a word, or line, or parting message to his wife and children, blackens his whole character, no difference how bright it might have been prior to that. This self-imposed silence on his death-bed, coupled with the circumstance that he compelled his wife to destroy all his papers and letters received from him, clearly point to the fact that he contemplated the crime of bigamy and the ruin and disgrace of a worthy and accomplished lady of his country. This lady of Danville should be truly thankful for her narrow escape from a marriage which would have entailed nothing but bitter tears and hours of anguish, for his sin would have found him out. His death, which she may have greatly lamented as her greatest affliction, and called in question the justness of it, has proven her greatest blessing and great deliverance.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

March 14, Marion, O.,	P. M.
" 16, Ind'lis, Ind.,	A. M. and P. M.
" 23, Flint, Mich.,	A. M. and P. M.
" 26, Jackson, "	P. M.
" 30, Detroit, "	A. M. and P. M.
April 3, Delaware, O.,	P. M.
" 4, Dayton, "	P. M.
" 6, Cincinnati, "	P. M.
" 13, Cleveland, "	A. M. and P. M.
" 20, Pittsburg, Pa.,	A. M. and P. M.

A Table.  
For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

MAR. 16th, 1879.  
MORNING SERVICE.  
The Psalter for the 16th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Ezekiel xx, to v. 27.  
2d Lesson—Mark ix, to v. 30.  
Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the third Sunday in Lent.

EVENING SERVICE.  
The Psalter for the 16th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Ezekiel xx, v. 27.  
2d Lesson—Ephesians vi.  
Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the third Sunday in Lent.

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